

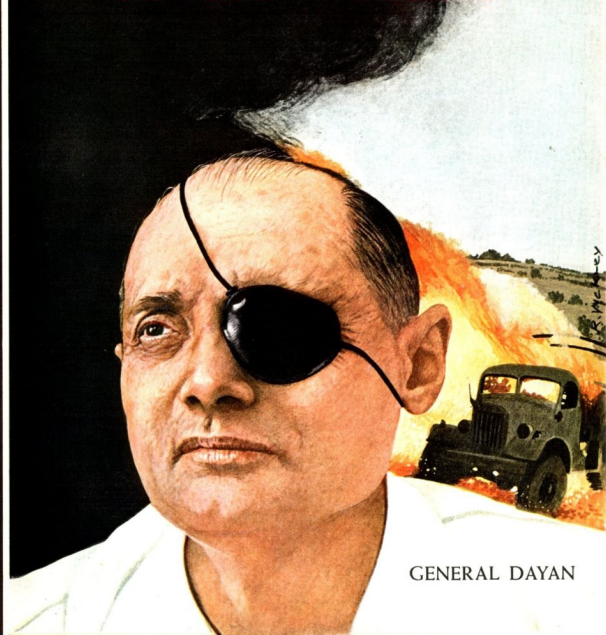
FIFTY CENTS

JUNE 16, 1967

HOW ISRAEL WON THE WAR

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



GENERAL DAYAN

VOL. 89 NO. 24
(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

Making something from nothing . . . with a hydrocracker.

"What's a hydrocracker?" A technological advance that will enable Atlantic Richfield's refineries to produce more high quality gasoline than ever before.

Unlike ancient alchemists, we are able to get more gallons out of the process than we put in. How?

By combining hydrogen with petroleum materials in the presence of exotic catalysts and extreme pressures. Sparking new ideas to help our customers is the main business of Atlantic Richfield.



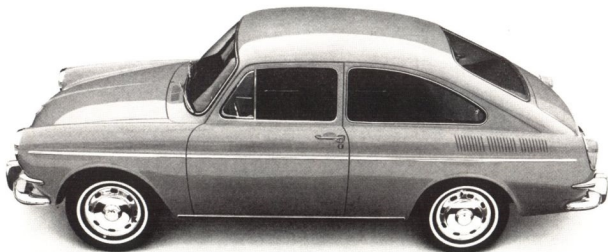
Sparks are flying at

AtlanticRichfieldCompany

**Making things happen
with petroleum energy**

TIME is published weekly, at \$10.00 per year, by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices.

Our beauty.



Will it spoil the Volkswagen image?

We never thought it would come to this. A beautiful Volkswagen.

All these years we've been telling you about the ugly bug.

And now, the snazzy Fastback sedan.

But don't let its good looks fool you. When you really come down to it, it's still a Volkswagen.

The engine is still in the rear and it's still air-cooled.

It's just as easy to replace parts.

And it's just as easy on gas as any other

Volkswagen. (The Fastback averages 27 miles on a gallon of gas. Which is pretty good for a car that cruises over 80 miles per hour.)

While we were making this beauty beautiful, we were also making it bigger.

It's got a trunk in the front where most cars have their motors. And a trunk in the back where most Volkswagens have their motors.

In case you're wondering where we put the motor, well, it's neatly tucked under-

neath the trunk in the rear.)

The Fastback's also got a little more room for passengers than the beetle.

You pay a little more for it, too.

\$2,148.*

Will a Volkswagen like this change our image?

We doubt it.



After all, it's only the world's most beautiful Volkswagen.

Not the world's most beautiful car.



If Rose's is made for gimlets,
what's it doing in a whiskey sour?



The gimlet recipe is on every Rose's Lime Juice bottle. Displayed proudly, like a family crest. One part Rose's to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka. Beautifully stated.

Yet, we understand a goodly number are using our Rose's in their whiskey sours. Why?

Is it because they feel there is no lime juice like Rose's? Anywhere? They are quite right.

Rose's is made of limes grown in Dominica, a lush, tropical West Indian island. These are tropical yellow limes. Superbly tart-sweet. Not too sour like untropical green limes. Not too sweet like ordinary bottled lime. Better. Much.

It has been said that Rose's adds a calypso beat to a drink. Play some in a whiskey sour: 4 parts whiskey (or scotch), 1 part Rose's. Shake with ice. Strain. Pour.

Dance.

What kind of checking account do you prefer?



One without charges, depending on balance and activity?

No minimum balance is required with a Regular Checking Account. There are no charges if you maintain an average balance of \$500 and write up to 20 checks each month. The charges are modest for lower balances or greater activity. Checkbook and checks are supplied free. With a Regular Checking Account, you can have salary, dividend, and other regular income checks mailed here and deposited directly to your account.

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With a Double Check Account, you pay only 10¢ for each check you write and 50¢ for your monthly statement. A supply of 200 checks costs only \$2.00. No minimum balance is required. Every time you write a check, you automatically make a copy. When you open a Double Check Account, you receive free a handsome Check Wallet (Check Purse for women) with ample room for your checks, business cards, train tickets, and currency.

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TM-6-7

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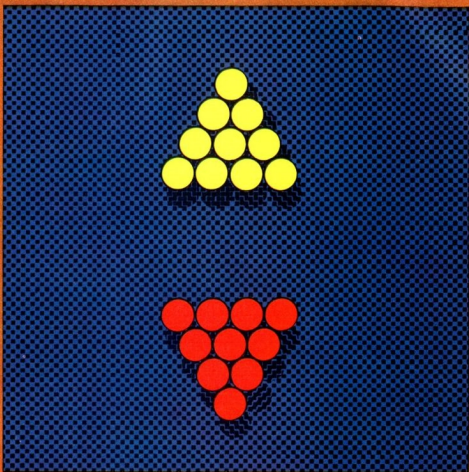


Like rum and soda. And rum on the rocks. Where you can appreciate the exceptionally light, dry, smooth flavor of Don Q.

A lot of people prefer Don Q in their Daiquiris for those very qualities. All we can say to that is, Salud!

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Being first is our way of being sure we stay ahead of the game. If you want to do the same, we suggest you move the first circle. Remember . . . first things first!

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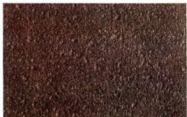
**AMERICAN
CAN COMPANY**

Age before beauty

(This bare steel paints itself)



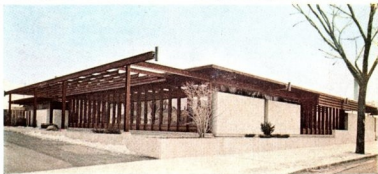
Most buildings look their best when they're spanking new, but here's one that is growing better-looking every day. Its skin of bare USS COR-TEN Steel has weathered over the months to a warm, earthy dark brown color. The longer this USS-innovated steel ages, the better it will look.



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United States Steel: where the big idea is innovation

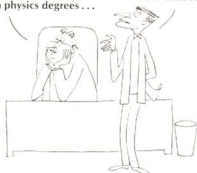
It's a grand old company—
but I'd hesitate to buy from them—
I've heard they're way behind the times.



Are they? I thought they were pioneering
all the advances in microminiaturized
earth-moving equipment...



Not likely.
They've always had
trouble supplying
off-the-shelf stock.
Funny, I heard they had automated.
Atomic power... workers in white
coats with physics degrees...



But didn't they install the first
computer inventory control?
Or was that somebody else?



Slow! I thought they shipped everything
by jet plane—even local deliveries.
Of course, that's only hearsay...



Grand old company, though.

Certainly is.



Good businessmen don't sign orders on the basis of rumor or hearsay. They want the facts. Who is going to tell them about your up-dated research, automated equipment or new products if you don't?

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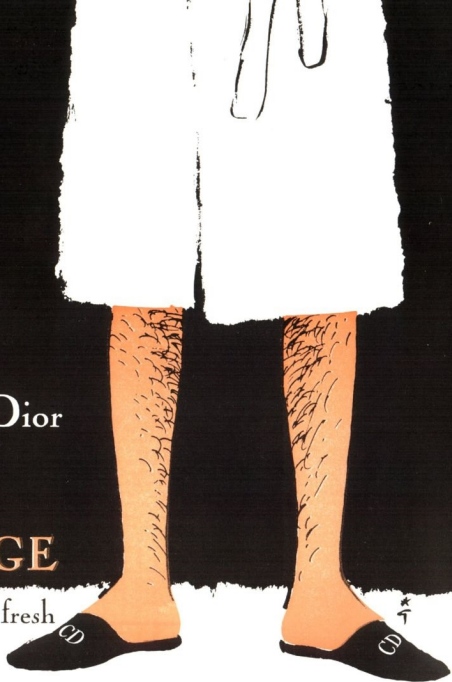
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Each album in the series is devoted to one significant segment of musical history, such as 1) *The Baroque Era*, 2) *The Age of Revolution*, 3) *The Age of Elegance*, and 4) *The Early Twentieth Century*. The selections in each album are carefully chosen to represent the best in a period's music, feature its chief composers, make apparent their contrasting attitudes and feelings, and give a portrait of the times from which the music sprang.

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The third element in each volume is a handy "Listener's Guide to the Recordings." It analyzes the selections in detail, explains the music and how



A visual fantasia on Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung, painted by Michael Ramus for The Opuilent Era. Each book contains interpretive art.

it came to be written, reveals intriguing sidelights on composers and their works, and lists the performers.

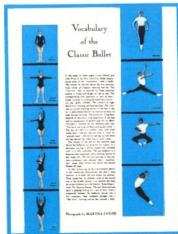
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A Listener's Guide to the Recordings

MUSIC OF THE OPULENT ERA

SIDE 1

WAGNER—Prelude to "Die Meistersinger"
BRAHMS—Symphony No. 3 (beginning)

SIDE 2

BRAHMS—Symphony No. 2 (conclusion)

SIDE 3

OPPENHEIM—Overture to "Daphne in
the Underworld"
TCHAIKOVSKY—"Swan Lake" and "The Nutcracker"

SIDE 4

WAGNER—"Die Walküre"—Conclusion

SIDE 5

JOHANN STRAUSS—Overture to "Die
Fledermaus"
SAINT-SAËNS—Introduction and Rondo
Capriccioso
BRAHMS—"Academic Festival Overture"

SIDE 6

TCHAIKOVSKY—Suite from "Swan Lake"

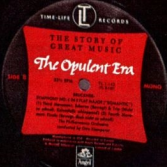
SIDE 7

BRUCHER—Symphony No. 4 (beginning)

SIDE 8

BRUCHER—Symphony No. 4 (conclusion)

The printing in
this edition is
in color. The
many pictures
from a small
set in his re-
but in the re-
haves. The
series are
reference to
1944 LIFE 8



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playing time: 3 hours, 52 minutes,
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some of the performers

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Builders of One Shell Plaza, Houston's coming 50-story ultramodern office building, are using special sunglasses from PPG to beat the heat of the Texas sun.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, June 14

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). "And Baby Makes Five," the story of a successful Madison Avenue type who finally decides that he'd rather switch jobs and fight the system. Cliff Robertson plays the adman turned crusading small-town editor; Angie Dickinson is his fashion-model wife. Repeat.

ABC WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Curt Jurgens, Orson Welles and Sylvia Syms star in this drama about a man without a country, forever exiled to life aboard a *Ferry to Hong Kong* (1961).

THE STEVE ALLEN COMEDY HOUR (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Lana Cantrell, Jayne Meadows and Sonny and Cher team up with Steve for the premiere of a new series.

Thursday, June 15

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Yul Brynner, as a strong-willed Arab nationalist, awaits execution for treason in *Escape from Zahrain* (1962).

SUMMER FOCUS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). "Anatomy of Pop: The Music Explosion" attempts to find a link between today's popular sounds and the music of the Louisiana bayou folk and the Negro spiritualists. Film units traveled from New York to New Orleans, Nashville and Detroit to tune in the Supremes, Tony Bennett, the Dave Clark Five, Gene Krupa and Duke Ellington. Repeat.

Saturday, June 17

U.S. OPEN GOLF TOURNAMENT (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). America's most prestigious golf tourney, live from Springfield, N.J.'s Baltusrol Golf Club. Billy Casper, the 1966 winner, defends against 149 challengers—including at least six former Open champions. Final round at 5 p.m. on Sunday.

Sunday, June 18

LAMP UNTO MY FEET (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.). *Te Deum* for J. Alfred Prufrock is British Poet Paul Roche's cheerful reply to T. S. Eliot's despair over the barrenness of modern life in *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*. British Actress Pat Gilbert-Read and the author read the poem.

LOOK UP AND LIVE (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.). How old folks face the problems of retirement is the subject of Part 1 of a two-part series on the nation's senior citizens. A group of the elderly join other experts, including Dr. Wilma Donahue of the University of Michigan's Institute for Human Adjustment and William Mitchell, retired director of the Social Security Administration, in discussing "Aging in America."

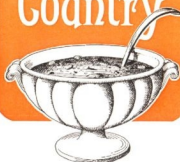
CAMERA THREE (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.). The 40-year career of Orson Welles is chronicled in two parts, beginning with his performance in Ashley Duke's *Jew Siss* at a Dublin's Gate Theater at age 16, and taking him up to Hollywood in the Forties, including *Citizen Kane* in 1941.

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 12:30-1:30 p.m.). The mayors of New York, Detroit, Atlanta, Milwaukee, Houston and Honolulu, in Honolulu for the Conference of Mayors, answer the questions put by a panel of newsmen.

SPORTSMAN'S HOLIDAY (NBC, 5-30-6 p.m.). Trout fishing in Chile and Argen-

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Gumbo fanciers — attention! There's an authentically rich, deep-flavored soup you can have in no time... Campbell's Chicken Gumbo Soup. It's made in the traditional way, with the tang of okra, bits of tomato, and a gentle helping of long grain rice... simmered in chicken broth and seasoned with Campbell's special touch. Campbell's Chicken Gumbo Soup is an exciting and simple way to enjoy Southern-style flavor, even north of the Mason-Dixon line.

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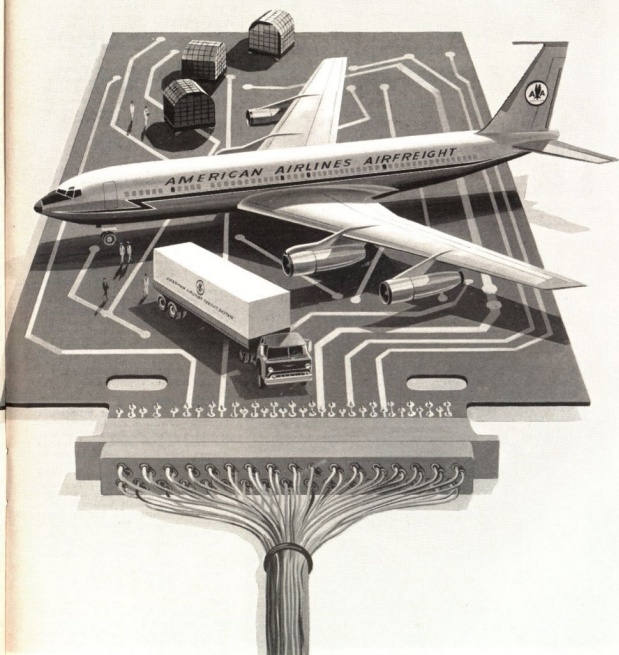
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tina, surf casting for striped bass on Cape Cod, and hunting game birds in New York State. Curt Gowdy narrates. **Premiere.**
WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A personally guided tour of "Disneyland Around the Seasons," taped by the late great showman shortly before his death last winter. Repeat.

THE ABC SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). *The Dangerous Days of Kiowa Jones*, a western specially filmed for TV, with Robert Horton, Diane Baker, Sal Mineo and Gary Merrill.

Tuesday, June 20

CBS REPORTS: ROBERT F. KENNEDY (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A look at the man and his role in American politics. Correspondent Roger Mudd interviews the Senator and such friends and foes as Richard Nixon, Pierre Salinger, Senators Jacob Javits, John Tower and Edward Kennedy, Governor Lester Maddox, Authors William Manchester and Gore Vidal.

NET PLAYHOUSE (shown on Fridays). "Duke Ellington: A Concert of Sacred Music" records on film the Duke, his orchestra and soloists, and a tap dancer performing Ellington compositions in San Francisco's Episcopal Grace Cathedral.

THEATER

On Broadway

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING. In four playlets, Robert Anderson proves again that sex, taken so seriously by most of mankind, can be one of the funniest aspects of life. Actors Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart and George Grizzard add to the fun.

BLACK COMEDY. The suspense of whether the characters in Peter Shaffer's comedy will hit or miss in the dark is the main-spring of this merry-go-round. Michael Crawford and Geraldine Page lead the gymnastics.

THE HOMECOMING. When the eldest son brings his wife to the womanless house of his family, the situation is set for a clash—between his youth and his father's age, his intellectualism and his father's brute force, the claims of his children on his wife and the claims of his brothers. Peter Hall directs the Royal Shakespeare Company in a tightly orchestrated performance.

Off Broadway

THE COACH WITH THE SIX INSIDES is a kaleidoscopic view of *Finnegans Wake* expressed in dance and drama and some of the more devilish passages of Joycean imagery. Jean Erdman conceived and directed this bright entertainment.

GALILEO, by Bertolt Brecht, is like a formal ballet of the mind, in which the princes of the church dance out their accustomed roles. Anthony Quayle makes diction a diadem as he leads the Lincoln Center Repertory Company through a creditable production.

AMERICA HURRAH. Three playlets by Jean-Claude van Itallie have the shock effect of a sudden plunge into cold water.

RECORDS

Pop

FRANCIS ALBERT SINATRA & ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM (Reprise). Two music masters of the U.S. and Brazil put their full names and their whole selves into the World Soft Championships—as the record liner aptly



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—Museum of Modern Art, New York

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At normal highway speeds, you can get 20 miles per gallon.

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The XKE is one of the world's strongest automobiles. Its body is patented. And differs from conventional designs in that nearly every pound of steel contributes to the car's total strength.

Jaguar's patented, insulated rack and pinion steering plus 4-wheel independent suspension combine to give you extraordinary control on the road.

Instrumentation on the XKE is complete, accurate and easily read.

Other safety features include: 3 two-speed electric windshield wipers, electric windshield washers, 4 wheel disc brakes, dual hydraulic braking systems, limited slip differential and adjustable steering wheel.

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The XKE's ride, while sure, is in no way harsh. Many compare its smoothness to that of luxury sports sedans.

All leather in the XKE is prime hide.

Its two bucket seats were designed orthopedically. Road & Track calls them "among the most satisfactory seats we'd ever tried."

The XKE comes in 3 models at Jaguar dealers coast to coast: roadster (above), coupe, and 2 + 2 family coupe, the latter with optional automatic transmission.

The roadster sells for \$5384. When was the last time you owned a car worth twice what you paid for it?

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Might be a refreshing change—for the better. (Member F.D.I.C.)



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Chicago—corner of Monroe and Wacker Drive

bills this album. Their lush hush gives a velvety treatment to such songs as *The Girl from Ipanema*, *Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars*, *I Concentrate on You*, and *If You Never Come to Me*. It's as successful a soft-sell session as any Frankophile could wish for, and bossa nova aficionados will relish Jobim singing along as well as providing background with his famous guitar.

MELINA MERCOURI: ILLYA DARLING (United Artists). The best thing about the current Broadway musical is Melina, and not surprisingly she is the best thing about this musical distillation of it, delivering five of the songs written by Manos Hadjidakis with lyrics by Joe Darion. Amidst the jingly rhythms of the Greek *taverna*, Melina's breathy bedroom voice stirs a sensuous mood in *Piraeus, My Love*, is slyly wistful in the *Medea Tango* as she sings her own version of the myth, and as joyous as ever in her theme song, *Never on Sunday*.

PETER NERO PLAYS A SALUTE TO HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS (RCA Victor). Though few arrangers admit it, much of what comes out of the recording studios these days is inspired by Herb Alpert's Latin-flavored brass sound. Giving credits where credit is due, Nero here presents sparkling and masterful piano solos that nicely complement the sophisticated slurrings of the horns in *A Taste of Honey*, *What Now My Love* and *Tijuana Taxi*. His technique is at its best as he evokes the swirl of a jazz dance in the theme from *Zorba the Greek*, or lays out a burning, soulful line on *The Work Song*.

ROGER WILLIAMS, ROGER! (Kapp). There are times when Roger seems possessed of 20 trigger-happy fingers as he ripples through the Beatles' *And I Love Her* or the theme from *The Sand Pebbles*. His fluent, if florid, piano style embellishes a light-hearted *Georgy Girl*, ranges from stirring to tender on the theme from *Black Orpheus*, and rollicks through the Monkees' tune, *I'm a Believer*.

ANDRÉ PREVIN ALL ALONE (RCA Victor). Without strings, without a big band, without a vocalist or chorus, André *tout seul* displays his musicianship on piano in a dozen serenely balanced ballads, among them, *How Deep Is the Ocean*, *Angel Eyes*, *When Sunny Gets Blue* and *As Time Goes By*. While his pensive probings honor the melody, he gives an added dimension with such ingenious and sensitive harmonic devices as playing in the key of F with his left hand in *Dancing on the Ceiling*, while gently stating the melody with his right hand in C.

CINEMA

BARFOOT IN THE PARK. Playwright Neil Simon has adapted his boffo Broadway comedy to the screen with no loss of humor, largely owing to the retention of Original-Cast Members Robert Redford and Mildred Natwick and the canny addition of Jane Fonda.

A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN. An illuminated lecture on How to Commit Adultery, flawlessly directed by Gene Kelly and starring Walter Matthau, who handsomely underplays the male norm pondering the female form.

THE WAR GAME. A short (47 min.), grainy, neorealistic film about what would happen if the Bomb were dropped on England.

THE HONEY POT. Writer-Director Joseph Mankiewicz has modernized Ben Jonson's wryly witty miser, Volpone, for the contemporary talents of Rex Harrison, and

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I just don't believe it!

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makes up in witty dialogue what he loses in indecisive wavering between comedy and suspense.

MADE IN ITALY. An assortment of scenes — some merely gentle sketches, some with stings in their tales — that portray modern-day Italy and the Italians. Nanni Loy (*Four Days of Naples*) directs a fine cast that includes Anna Magnani, Alberto Sordi, Virna Lisi and Catherine Spaak.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE HORRORS OF LOVE, by Jean Dutourd. Using an ill-fated May-to-December romance as an excuse, Satirist Dutourd skillfully and venomously explores the French character.

ALL MEN ARE LONELY NOW, by Francis Clifford. The author is the latest practitioner of the le Carré school of thriller writing, and he offers a properly murky plot and even cloudier characters.

RICHARD STRAUSS: THE LIFE OF A NON-HERO, by George R. Marek. The great romantic composer is viewed amidst a vivid evocation of cultural life in Germany — whose decay and upheaval after World War I, argues the author, was the primary cause of Strauss's disappointing later output.

SNOW WHITE, by Donald Barthelme. Snow White and her seven dwarfish accomplices suffer through the complexities of contemporary life in a witty and wild retelling of the old fairy story.

BATTLES IN THE MOONSOON, by S.L.A. Marshall. Brigadier General "Slam" Marshall's thorough familiarity with the red visage of war produces a telling account of its Vietnamese aspect during one bloody campaign in the summer of 1966.

CLOWN ON FIRE, by Aaron Judah. The author's sure comedic touch relies on metamorphosing Holden Caulfield into a Polish Jewish boy named Joe Hoxea and setting him amuck in India.

MAY WE BORROW YOUR HUSBAND? AND OTHER COMEDIES OF THE SEXUAL LIFE, by Graham Greene. The sex is muted and slightly mellowed by years, which is not necessarily bad—at least it isn't in these twelve amusing and smoothly told short stories.

Best Sellers

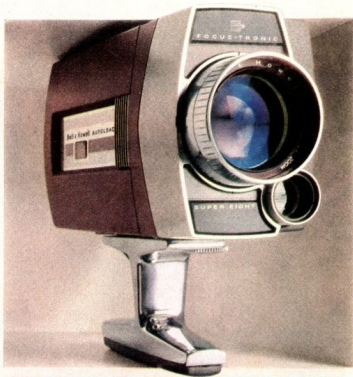
FICTION

1. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (1 last week)
2. *The Eighth Day*, Wilder (2)
3. *Washington, D.C.*, Vidal (4)
4. *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*, Crichton (3)
5. *Tales of Manhattan*, Auchincloss (7)
6. *Valley of the Dolls*, Susann
7. *Copable of Honor*, Drury (8)
8. *Rosemary's Baby*, Levin (9)
9. *The Chosen*, Potok (5)
10. *Fathers*, Gold (6)

NONFICTION

1. *The Death of a President*, Manchester (2)
2. *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell* (1)
3. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (3)
4. *Madame Sarah*, Skinner (4)
5. *Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet*, Stearn (5)
6. *Games People Play*, Berne (6)
7. *Disraeli*, Blake (7)
8. *Paper Lion*, Plimpton (8)
9. *Inside South America*, Gunther (9)
10. *Treblinka*, Steiner

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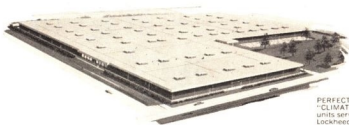
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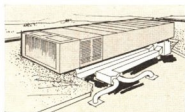
TIME... because the modular Lennox DMS allowed progressive occupancy as construction moved along. This gave Lockheed engineering a big head start in designing the giant C-5A military transport.

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LETTERS

The New War

Sir: Little Israel's heroic performance against the might of five Arab nations (aided by a coat-holding U.S.S.R.) has done more than save its own life. It may have given a vegetating U.N. a new opportunity to act bravely instead of to browbeat. If the U.N. wants to be a peace-insuring body, it must have the means to commandeer a police force that could on short notice be stationed in any unstable region. This force would have to have the power to act forcibly to quell aggression and provocative actions early.

NATHAN SHOR

Hartford, Conn.

Sir: I was amused by Reader el-Manssour's letter [June 9] questioning the superiority of the Israeli army. I hope you will send me his address so I may clip his letter and mail it to him—between two slices of matzo for greater palatability.

ARNOLD D. NAIDICH

Plainview, N.Y.

Sir: I read with amusement Mr. el-Manssour's letter in which he accused Israel of cowardice, ending, "O David, where is thy sling?" All I can say in response to his letter is "O Goliath, where is thine army?"

LEONARD PRIMACK

Brooklyn

Sir: I assume Iethiferous Letter-Writer el-Manssour is enjoying his feast of:

Venom Troglodytica à la patrie

El-Manssourkraut maison

Red-Lining Crow à volonté

I assume this because his prodigious display of bravery-of-the-month was made 2,000 miles behind the lines.

JEROME B. WESTIN, M.D.

Columbus, Ohio

Sir: May we say that Nasser has been defeated by a "blitzkrieg?"

JERRY SANDVICK

Minneapolis

Sir: TIME's lavish contribution, in the form of a cover story, to the Israeli cause is exceeded only by the distorted, sketchy coverage afforded the plight of the Arabs. Neither eloquent oratory nor military victories can decide the rights of people. Win or lose, the underlying principle for the Arab struggle is no less justified. Where was indignant world opinion in 1947 when "third parties" paid off political debts with land that they did not own? Where were those who now call for justice when these parties permitted the Arab to

be ejected from land he has owned for generations? Perhaps only history will vindicate the Arab cause, but what of today?

O. J. AKEL

Waltham, Mass.

Sir: Your May 26 Middle East coverage makes me mad as hell. The Israelis have been harassed for years by Arab marauders; if they have occasionally hit back in desperation, that hardly equates them with those who sneak in at night to plant bombs and kill whomever they can. Our own country has reacted the same many times—against Indians, Mexicans and Tripoli pirates—and we react in similar ways today when our interests are threatened. And tell me, please, how would you react if somebody kept hitting you every time your back was turned?

HENRY C. COWEN

Huntington, N.Y.

Sir: If you were to offer a Nation of the Year award, my vote would go to Israel. For the past 19 years, this bastion of democracy has survived in spite of the Arab commandment "harass thy neighbor." This tiny nation may yet fulfill the Biblical prophecy of being a "light unto all nations." Let's hope the U.A.R. is one of the first to see the light.

JOEL S. GOPEN

Sharon, Mass.

Laurels & Thorns

Sir: TIME made an excellent choice in Artist Sidney Nolan to place laurels upon our best poet, Robert Lowell [June 2].

ALEX GILDZEN

Co-Editor

Toucan

Kent, Ohio

Sir: Paintings by Nolan, poetry by Lowell, are a perfect match: both rotten.

G. L. ASHCRAFT

Boston

Sir: TIME's cover picture once again outdoes itself. Two years ago it was a weeping Nureyev; now it is a sorrowing Lowell. You treat us too infrequently to these haunting depictions. More, more!

ALAN T. BOLESTA

Philadelphia

Sir: As a former student of the poet's, I feel that TIME has captured much of the agony and little of the ecstasy of Robert Lowell.

MARILYN PFOHL DONNELLY

Pittsburgh

Sir: All hail to TIME for attempting to re-establish the line between the poet and the square. But—is this a dagger which I see before me? Your artist's rendering of the poet looks very like a camel. Or like a whale. Or like Prufrock peering from a nimbo-stratus.

Lowell is an excellent poet within the confines of his own self-lacerations. But the poet who deserves (in sunlight) to grace your cover is James Dickey, who, far from measuring out his life with coffee spoons, writes with joy and imagination and vitality about the sanguine world in which most of us live.

As a teacher, I find that Dickey's "profound sense of conjunction with the world" strikes the gut and mind of students, who take to Lowell's poetry as to a rainy day.

As a publishing poet, I find that Dickey's real responses illuminate the courageous inner life as Lowell's deep conflicts can not.

Poetry is in a positive sense now up and doing. Your encomium to torment and haunting inadequacy does not help.

JACK BOHRITT

Associate Professor of English

University of Missouri

Rolla

Playing the Game

Sir: Your Essay on "The Golden Age of Sport" [June 2] is an excellent analysis of sport in the 1960s. The magic eye of the TV camera has had its impact in no uncertain fashion, and I hope it will be there to foot the bill and thrill the world for many years to come.

FINEBARR SLATTERY

Killarney, Ireland

Sir: Praising the role of TV in sport, you ignore what televised golf has done to play on the average course.

Countless players emulate and even outdo their heroes in studying shots (mostly putts), pacing terrain, measuring windage, barometric pressure and countless other factors. And all this has not resulted in their scoring better; instead, it has resulted in prolonging the usual four-hour, 18-hole round to something like six hours, to the utter frustration of following players. If something is not done about it, golf, as we oldtimers knew it, will never be the same again.

Who was the old pro who once said, "Miss 'em quick?"

D. I. DEAN, M.D.

Rushville, Ind.

Sir: Your Essay is a lot of baloney. Today's court stars have not, as you claim, eclipsed the great stars of the 1920s. For example, Jim Thorpe could outkick any kicker today. No batter today in the big leagues can even make a good sacrifice bunt. Very few pitchers today can go nine innings, and no pitcher today makes a patch on Dizzy Dean's or Satchel Paige's pants.

WALT CHARLESWORTH

Indianapolis

Sir: I take exception to the statement that the "death of the minors means that the pool of trained talent for the majors has all but dried up."

What makes college baseball any less of a training ground for future major leaguers than college football or basketball for their major leagues? University of Nevada Baseball Coach Bill Ireland displayed confidence in the quality of his 1967 squad by stating that he would like to field his team in the California league this summer. College baseball has come of age, as the

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PFC. JERRY L. WHITE

U.S. Army
Tan Son-Nhut, Viet Nam

Spare That Train

Sir: I was pleased to see TIME report [June 2] that European railroads are not surrendering passenger service to airline competition. Rail passengers in Europe get low-cost, high-comfort travel on luxury trains at fast schedules. The same combination would quickly whittle down the inflated \$400 million passenger-train losses claimed by U.S. railroads, and save the U.S. passenger train from extinction.

H. E. GILBERT

Brotherhood of Locomotive
Firemen & Engineers

Cleveland

Name for the List

Sir: Thank you for helping me justify the addition of a name to my dormant-since-Lincoln list of "Politicians Worthy of Hero Worship." It is a delight to find that not everyone in politics suffers from acute atrophy of the intellect. My only regret is being unable to vote for the remarkable Senator Scott of Pennsylvania [June 2].

KELLEY ANDREWS

Washington, D.C.

Brewer's Yeast

Sir: I was delighted to read about Eastern Airlines' gift to the Metropolitan Opera [May 26]. Since the story also mentioned other contributions by industry to the arts, it seems unfair to exclude the Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company. In 1965 and 1966, Schlitz co-sponsored twelve free park concerts by the New York Philharmonic, concerts that, in the words of one reporter, "attracted more listeners than the Beatles." The series will be repeated this summer.

CARLOS MOSELEY
Managing Director

New York Philharmonic
Manhattan

Petit Point

Sir: About "Le Brushoff" [May 26]: Indeed, Napoleon will be forever remembered as *le petit grand* for his vision and as the great champion of a United Europe. De Gaulle will be remembered as *le grand petit* for his narrow views on Europe. It is amazing that the new Europe tolerates this narrow-minded man.

HERMAN F. MEYER

Palm Springs, Calif.

Soft Sell or No Sale?

Sir: Before you are inundated with letters from critics of the U.S. pavilion at Expo 67 [June 2], I must tell of my own delight. The country with the best and biggest of everything does not bore visitors with a salesroom or the inside of factories. How refreshing! Besides dollars and engineering brains, Americans have heart, foolishness, creative hands. The apple corer dreamed up by some ingenious Yankee, the hand sewing machine, the wooden-paddle washing machine were all forerunners of today's American technology. Should anyone doubt it, the space capsules swinging aloft will remind him. Yes, there are many movie stars, perhaps too many, but when I was a European teenager, I knew more about Clark Gable than about Massachusetts, now my home.

MADELINE SAVAGE

Sterling, Mass.

Sir: It is appalling to think that seven sophisticated designers have been given the marvelous setting of the geodesic dome (best viewed from outside) in which to say that the craftsmanship, inventiveness and creativity of Americans are appropriately symbolized by Hollywood card versions of quilts, hats, wooden ducks, dolls, overblown faces and guitars. Opting for whimsy, indeed!

BEN R. CARROLL

Fort Worth

Come On, Fellows

Sir: In "The Affluent Miniversity" [May 26], you write that while I was a fellow at Wesleyan, I "used the time to write a novel (*Night and Silence: Who Is Here?*)" chiding the collegiate practice of collecting big-name scholars in centers for advanced studies.

There is no "chiding" in my novel regarding the practice to which you refer.

I did not "use the time" writing *Night and Silence*. During my six weeks in residence, I completed my novel *Night and Silence*, begun at Berkeley a year earlier, collected preliminary notes for a critical study of Balzac, gave two lectures on Proust, spent a week as Visiting Fellow for Arts and Sciences at Timothy Dwight College, New Haven, and only in the last few days—perhaps three or four—made a start on *Night and Silence*.

This book, though it draws something from Wesleyan (there is not, however, one single character *à clef*), draws also from various of my experiences, comic and otherwise, on half a dozen other campuses. I do move around, you know.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON
Fremantle, England

Fair Sex

Sir: Thank you for the great Essay on sex education [June 9]. I am a high school sophomore in an all-girl public school. Sex education at school consists of one obscure "talk" in a gym class in the seventh grade, one film about bean plants in the eighth grade. The sophomore health class, in which the course of study ranges from first aid to the evils of alcohol, is expected to take care of any loose ends. It merely provides more. In the first days of class the teacher carefully explained, and in a chorus of giggles, that the model of the human torso was sexless. In our discussions of communicable diseases, V.D. was never mentioned. I hope the situation can be alleviated before our student population laughs itself silly at the embarrassment of its teachers.

SALLY CAREY

Boston

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Put your hand over the gray half and see how much younger I look.

Gray hair makes you look older. And dark hair makes you look younger.

But we suspect you've known that all along. Then how come you didn't do something about it before now?

We suspect you know the answer to that one, too.

The embarrassment.

The funny feeling that doing something to your gray was too flashy, too "show biz," not for a "regular fellow."

More Men Than You Think

It may have been true ten years ago that only a few actors colored their hair. But since then a minor, and somewhat surprising, revolution has taken place. Today it's estimated that over 2,000,000 men from all walks of life have broken with tradition and have done something about their gray hair—bankers, farmers, longshoremen, teachers and police officers do it. Without blushing.

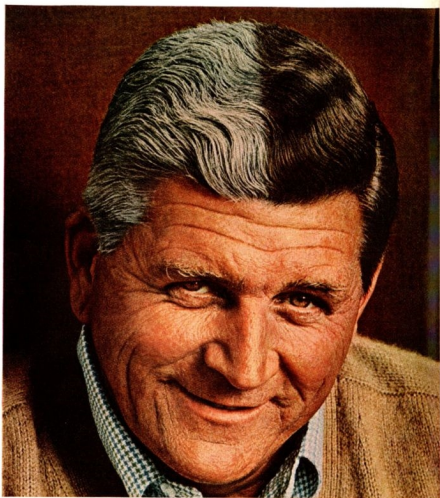
They all have one thing in common: they don't want to look old before their time.

GREAT DAY® For Men

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TIME, JUNE 16, 1987

A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shipley

WHEN Saigon Bureau Chief
Simmons Fentress tried to reach
New York on our direct teletype line
one morning last week, the operator
was brusque: "Tell him to hold it
for a minute. Doesn't he know there's
a war on?"

Suddenly, "the war" no longer
meant just Viet Nam. Jason McMan-
us and Ron Kriess, who have writ-
ten a great deal about Viet Nam,
now found themselves writing the
cover story and the lead Nation arti-
cle about the Middle East conflict.
In the field, reporting the war from
the Arab side proved difficult. For
days after Egypt expelled U.S. citi-
zens, no transport was available, so
Correspondent Roger Stone was in-
terned with 21 other newsmen in a
dingy Cairo hotel called the Nile,
where life, as he put it, "was a game
of Stalag 17." In Beirut, Lee Griggs,
reinforced by James Wilde from our
Paris bureau, was still able to work,
but things were hardly pleasant. In
the street, Griggs met an Arab ac-
quaintance walking with a group of
other Arabs. The man sidled up to
him, mumbling, "I have to do this
or my friends won't respect me," and
spat in Griggs's face.

On the other side, where the Is-
raelis freely permitted correspon-
dents into the war zone, the hazards
were far greater. One American who
tragically proved this was LIFE Pho-
tographer Paul Schutzer, killed by
an Egyptian antitank shell (see PRESS).
Among the last pictures taken by
Schutzer was the photo of General
Moshe Dayan on which our cover
portrait is based.

Correspondent Israel Shenker,
who had interviewed Dayan the week
before, was in the office of Israeli
Chief of Staff Yitzhak Rabin when
word came that Egypt had accepted
the cease-fire. "Where's the cham-
pagne?" asked Shenker. Tea was
served instead. Meanwhile, Peter



SHENKER & DAYAN

Forbath managed to see some of the
fighting on three fronts—Gaza, Jo-
rdan and Sinai. The trouble was keep-
ing up with the speeding Israeli army.
"I saw grotesque dead and wound-
ed, equipment abandoned intact,
stunned and frightened captured
Arabs," he said. "But in a way, I truly
felt the reality of the war in blacked-
out Tel Aviv, being shelled by the
Jordanians, as I huddled in a door-
way with people who remembered
World War II and Nazi Europe."

From his apartment overlooking
the Valley of the Cross, Jerusalem
Stringer Marlin Levin could watch
a Jordan-Israeli artillery exchange,
"left-right, left-right, almost like
a tennis game." Levin's eight-year-old
son Donnie whiled away the time by
writing letters to relatives in the U.S.:
"There is no school today. I am sit-
ting in a shelter. I like school. It is
more fun than war."

Other TIME staffers appeared. Mar-
vin Zim, on his way to the U.S. from
New Delhi, joined the Sixth Fleet.
From New York came World Edi-
tor Ed Jamieson and Chief of Cor-
respondents Richard Clurman. When
Clurman stepped off the plane at Tel
Aviv, one dusty correspondent fresh
from the front cracked: "You can
really tell the war is over when
guys like you start arriving."

But that other war is not over.
When one of our Saigon correspon-
dents remarked to a U.S. Marine ser-
geant that there would not be much
space in this issue for Viet Nam, he
was told: "Don't worry, boy. This
war's got staying power."

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LOOK AHEAD LOOK SOUTH

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

June 16, 1967

Vol. 89, No. 24

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Hot-Line Diplomacy

Through the dawn and early morning hours, Lyndon Johnson pored over cables on the Arab-Israeli war in his White House bedroom. After two weeks in which the President had bent every effort to avert hostilities, the overwhelming peril was that the U.S. and Russia

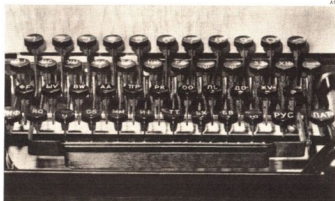
the President, wherever he may be. A Russian translator on stand-by duty for such an event was rushed to the White House. Concerned, the President hurried to a mahogany conference table in the basement Situation Room of the White House. He was joined there by Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara, Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Rostow. A map of Viet Nam normally

turf, the key to a big war remained in the hands of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Given prudence and restraint on both sides, the key will not be turned.

Johnson, to be sure, invited considerable criticism for being too restrained. If the U.S. had moved three weeks ago to break the blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba imposed by the United Arab Republic's President Nasser, some observ-



PRESIDENT JOHNSON



WASHINGTON—MOSCOW TELETYPE WITH CYRILLIC CHARACTERS
Given prudence and restraint, the key will not be turned.



PREMIER KOSYGIN

would now be sucked into a direct confrontation that neither superpower wanted. Around 8 a.m., Monday, the President's bedside phone brought some electrifying and potentially ominous news. Walt W. Rostow, the President's national security adviser, was calling to report that the "hot line" was being activated from Moscow.

Since the hot-line link between Washington and Moscow was first put into operation on Aug. 30, 1963, it had conveyed nothing more dramatic than New Year's greetings and hourly testing messages. Never before had it been used for communication between the U.S. and Soviet governments in time of crisis. Now, at the cable circuit's terminus in the Pentagon, lines of Cyrillic type sent from Soviet Premier Alexei Kosygin began clattering in at 66 words a minute on a teletype machine supplied by Moscow (which has a U.S. machine with Roman characters at its own end). From the Pentagon, the machine maintains continuous communication with

hangs behind the table; in its place hung a huge map of the Middle East.

Kosygin's message was decoded and relayed instantly in Russian from the Pentagon to the Situation Room, where it was rendered into English within minutes. A glance at the rough translation told Johnson what he wanted to know: there would be no face-down between the Big Two. Russia, said Kosygin, did not plan to enter the conflict, but would do so if the U.S. stepped in. Johnson and his aides drafted a reply on the spot, directly assuring Kosygin that the U.S. did not intend to intervene.

"Snootal" Position. Despite a subsequent barrage of Russian bluster against the Israeli "aggressors," that early-morning understanding between the two powers held up through the week. It was further cemented by the exchange of at least a dozen other messages on the hot line, and it underscored a noteworthy point. Though the Israelis and Arabs were able to launch a small but ferocious war on their own

ers argue, the Arabs would have backed off, Israel would have been reassured, and war would have been averted. But the President was worried that any such action would force the Russians to leap in, and he urged the Israelis to give him time—first two days, then two weeks—to seek a diplomatic solution. The Israelis doubted that they could wait that long, with 80,000 U.A.R. troops poised on their borders, with Arab armies mobilizing all around them to cheers from Moscow, and with diplomats hopelessly stalled on the talk treadmill at the U.N.

Once the war was under way, however, Washington emphasized that it did not intend to get involved in the fighting. State Department Spokesman Robert McCloskey reiterated that point a trifle too emphatically. The U.S., he said, "is neutral in thought, word and deed." It sounded as if the U.S. were preparing to renege on its commitments to Israel—notably its 1950 declaration, acknowledged by four U.S. Presidents,

to protect the nation's territorial integrity. A rumble of protest rose from Capitol Hill and from several big cities.

"What's neutral?" demanded Republican Senator Everett Dirksen. "I call it 'snootal'—when you stick up your snoot at both sides." Seeking to clarify the statement, Rusk declared: "Any use of this word 'neutral,' which is a great concept of international law, is not an expression of indifference. We are not a belligerent."

Papyrus Tigers. The best that Washington could hope for at the outset was a quick Israeli victory that would eliminate any necessity of direct U.S. action. Israel was more obliging than anyone dared predict. By the war's second day, it was clear that the Arab armies were crumpling like so many papyrus tigers. Groping for an excuse to explain their abysmal failure, Nasser hit on a cynical and transparent ploy. "Large-scale air intervention by the U.S. and Britain," charged Cairo, was helping to cripple Arab forces. Furious at the charge, Rusk resorted to some of the toughest language he had ever employed in public. "These charges are utterly and wholly false," he declared.

Nevertheless, quite a few Arabs, loath to acknowledge that Israel could whip their armies unaided, found them persuasive. While howling mobs attacked U.S. and British embassies and libraries in Arab capitals, Cairo followed up its charges by severing diplomatic relations with the U.S. (it broke relations with the British over Rhodesia last year). Six others fell in line: Syria, Algeria, Yemen, Iraq, Sudan and Mauritania. Lebanon downgraded its representation from embassy to legation level. Nine nations—Iraq, Kuwait, Algeria, Saudi Arabia, Libya, Bahrain, Qatar, Syria and Lebanon—cut off the flow of oil to the U.S. and Britain, and Algeria nationalized U.S. and British oil firms.

Evidence of Impotence. But brawls and boycotts could not turn the war's tide. The Russians, alarmed by their protégé's swift disintegration, held an all-night Politburo meeting in Moscow. The following day Kosygin was back on the hot line to tell Johnson that the Russians were willing to accept an unconditional cease-fire. For 36 hours, the Russians had blocked action by the Security Council with a demand that both sides withdraw to their prewar posi-

tions. Once Moscow came around, Council President Hans Tabor of Denmark was able to get unanimous approval of the original cease-fire resolution in a matter of minutes. It was dramatic evidence, not of the U.N.'s effectiveness, but of its impotence unless the great powers are in accord.

On several other occasions during the week of crisis, the hot line was pressed into service to reaffirm both superpowers' determination to damp down the crisis. Another notable use of the direct wire occurred after the U.S. communications vessel *Liberty* was strafed and torpedoed off the Sinai coast, with 31 dead or missing and 73 wounded. Ten of the 200 planes aboard Sixth Fleet carriers *America* and *Saratoga* scrambled to go to her aid. Johnson got on the line to Kosygin at once to inform him that the planes were not entering the war but trying to help a stricken ship. As the dispatch was going out, Israel flashed word that its forces had attacked the vessel accidentally and offered an apology. Johnson tacked Israel's *mea culpa* onto the message that was being wired to Moscow. Kosygin sent an immediate acknowledgment.

A second hot line came into use. Not to be upstaged by President Johnson's talks with the Kremlin, French President Charles de Gaulle announced that he, too, had "been in personal contact with M. Kosygin" over the so-called "green telephone"—which, like Washington's, is actually a direct teletype circuit to Moscow. But nobody was paying much attention. The real business was being conducted on the White House-Kremlin line.

Folded Tents. Moscow's turnaround on the cease-fire question at the U.N. signaled a general folding of Arab tents. Israel and Jordan quickly agreed to honor the cease-fire. Next day, the United Arab Republic's bullet-headed U.N. Ambassador Mohamed el Kony scrapped a 20-page diatribe against the Jews and slipped Secretary General U Thant a meek, 60-word note announcing Cairo's acceptance of the cease-fire. Damascus held out until Israel turned its wrath on the Syrian-held highlands north of the Sea of Galilee, then accepted the U.N. resolution. However, the Syrians kept right on shelling border towns, and the Israelis, moving in to silence their guns, sent tank units thrusting toward Damascus. Nonetheless, at all intents, the war was over as soon as Syria, the last major combatant, officially accepted the cease-fire.

The task of achieving a real peace promises to be infinitely more protracted. After years of futile, ruinous enmity toward Israel, the Arabs conceivably might decide that their best hope for the future lies in neighborly relations between the heirs of Isaac and Ishmael. More probably, envenomed by their latest defeat, they could embark on a new orgy of irredentist fervor, thereby proving once more, as Radio Algiers put it last week, that "the only language between Israel and the

FIRST LESSONS OF THE WAR

WAR today is more than "policy by other means," as Von Clausewitz defined it in the 19th century. In the mid-20th century, when the realities of power are often obscured by fog banks of propaganda and U.N. debate, the outbreak of hostilities anywhere in the world urgently demands a return to the only meaningful diplomacy, which in the last analysis involves a bilateral dialogue between the nuclear giants, Moscow and Washington. The repercussions of the Middle East war may not be resolved for some time to come, but some of its major implications are already clear:

- The nuclear deterrent does deter. From the first click of the "hot line" to the last circumlocution in the U.N. Security Council at week's end, the two great powers carefully and repeatedly affirmed their determination to avert a big war and—despite the high economic and political stakes—to shut off the small one.
- The U.N. can only implement U.S.-Soviet policy. Indeed, until the point at which Washington and Moscow decide on a mutually advantageous course of action, the U.N. can even exacerbate a crisis, as it did by U Thant's precipitous withdrawal of the U.N. peace-keeping force from the Sinai Desert.
- The great powers can count on little but moral support—if that—from their lesser allies. The U.S. and Brit-

ain got nowhere in their attempt to open the Arab-blockaded Gulf of Aqaba with a concerted stand by a reputed 40 maritime powers. At the same time, Russia's Arab allies ran out of control and ended by dragging Moscow into defeat and disrepute in the Communist world from Peking to Havana.

- No amount of foreign hardware can make a military victor of a nation that lacks effective leadership and the will to win. With \$2 billion in Russian weapons and a decade of training under Russian supervision, the Egyptian forces proved as inept at desert warfare as they had in the Sinai campaign of 1956.
- Despite the canard that the U.S. is preoccupied by Asia to the exclusion of world interests, Washington was ready to take considerable risk to aid its Israeli ally, and to stabilize an area whose oil reserves are far more vital to Europe than they are to America. By keeping its cool while implicitly supporting an ally, the U.S. also belied the myth, propagated by both Communists and some U.S. liberals, that the U.S. is aggressive, arrogant and trigger-happy.
- Russia's leaders, having opened up the widest credibility gap since their climb-down from the Cuban missile crisis, may be persuaded—for the time being at least—to refrain from further foreign adventures that so clearly imperil the world's peace.

Arabs is the language of iron and fire."

The Israelis, in turn, could make a genuine effort to solve the problem of the 1,300,000 Palestinian refugees who lost their land in previous clashes. But the Israelis have more pressing priorities. Their first goal, as Foreign Minister Abba Eban put it last week, is "the acceptance of Israel's statehood." They are likely to demand the right of passage through Suez and to insist on keeping some of the real estate that they picked up during their four-day blitz—most notably Old Jerusalem, the highlands west of the River Jordan running from Jenin through Bethlehem to Hebron, and Sharm el Sheikh, which controls access to the Gulf of Aqaba.

America First. For the U.S. and Russia, the bargaining period could prove a perilous one—or a real opportunity to cool off the Arabs and lay the foundation for a durable peace. Both Washington and Moscow are in disrepute among the Arabs. As Israeli columns closed on Suez, Radio Cairo repeatedly shrieked that the Arabs were fighting "America first, America second and America third"—and many a fellow believed it. Washington is thus looking for some way of regaining a measure of influence in the petroliferous Arab world without sacrificing Israel's interests.

The Russians, whose "scandalous capitulation," as Cuba's radio put it, cost them incalculable prestige among the Arabs, sought to repair the damage by severing diplomatic ties with Israel and by warning, after a Moscow meeting among the leaders of seven Communist states, that they would help the Arabs "administer a resolute rebuff" to the Israelis unless they relinquished captured territory. But the defeated Arabs are not likely to forgive very soon the Russians for failing to bail them out. "What has come over you, friend?" asked the Baghdad daily Sawt al-Arab. "You made us promises, and now that the time has come to fulfill them, you evade. We shall thank you, friend, because you have taught us a lesson we shall never forget."

The sequel could be a dangerous new arms race in the Middle East, or else a windfall of economic aid for the area. To help develop "cooperative programs for the economic and social development of all the countries of the region," and to keep an eye on the strategic situation in the Mideast, Johnson set up a special subcommittee of the National Security Council, patterned after the ExCom machinery installed by John F. Kennedy during the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. Summoned back from his post at the Ford Foundation to serve as the group's executive secretary was McGeorge Bundy, a former White House foreign-affairs adviser under Kennedy and Johnson.

Power Duopoly. There is an outside chance that some long-range benefits may shake out of the war. The two superpowers proved that they could cooperate to a limited extent, at least when it came to defusing a situation fraught

with real danger to both. The lesson could be applied equally well toward Viet Nam, where Washington and Moscow seemed on the verge of a joint move toward peace last autumn, then veered off into a new round of hostility. If Russia and the U.S. could work together on the Arab-Israeli war, Kentucky's Republican Senator Thruston Morton declared, "it might be the same power duopoly that could bring Viet Nam to the conference table." Agreed Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield: "We are veering in the direction of two-power concerts. We might see a new approach to Viet Nam." With all other diplomatic avenues to peace apparently blocked off, such an approach could well prove to be the one that works—as it did in the Middle East.

THE PEOPLE

A Million a Minute

There was little doubt as to where the majority of Americans stood. In Chicago's Loop, Mayor's Row restaurant changed the name of one of its dining rooms from "Little Egypt" to the "Tel Aviv Room." In Miami, a group of Cuban exiles approached a rabbi and offered to fight against the Arabs. In Boston, Cardinal Cushing and 18 other high-ranking Catholic and Protestant churchmen came out for Israel. So did more than 3,700 university professors from around the country in a signed newspaper statement.

Scores of politicians, reflecting their constituents' sympathies, appeared at rallies for Israel. Said Dallas Fund Rais-

BLINTZKRIEG

WHETHER in tribulation or triumph, the Jews over the centuries have learned to extract a laugh from almost any event. Last week, acting as the unofficial humor makers of America, they produced a rapid-fire chain of chutzpa-laced jokes about the Middle East conflict that flew as swiftly as a Jewish Superman (see cut). Their comic chronology of the war:

Early in the week, the fastest thing in the world was an Israeli in a kayak in the Aqaba Gulf; by week's end, it was an Arab with his shoes off.

"It's unfair," said a U.A.R. spokesman. "They have 2,300,000 Jews on their side. And we have none." He denied, however, that Egypt had asked the Russians for their 2,500,000 Jews. Soon after the war's start, Nasser made a brief guest appearance on the popular Cairo TV show, *Where's My Line?* Reports from the second day of fighting indicated that the Egyptians had destroyed four Jeeps, a kosher mobile kitchen and 14 air-conditioned Cadillacs. The Israelis claimed 400 MIGs and 24 flying carpets. Ralph Nader launched a campaign to provide Arab tanks with back-up lights.

The unstoppable Israeli thrust through the Sinai Desert quickly became known as the blintzkrieg. It was led by the crack regiment known as the Bagel Lancers. When Israeli troops reached the Suez Canal, they grabbed the lox. At one point in the campaign, an Arab division spotted a lone Israeli sniper on a sand dune. The commander dispatched three men to get him. When they did not return, he sent a dozen. None of them came back. So he finally sent an entire company. Two hours later, one blood-splattered Egyptian soldier crawled back. "It was an ambush," he explained. "There were two of them."

"It was our finest hour," boasted



an Israeli spokesman. "Or did it take longer than that?" Darryl Zanuck announced plans for a zillion-dollar war movie entitled *The Shortest Day*. Cassius Clay, the erstwhile Muhammad Ali, changed his name to Morris Steinberg. Ten bar mitzvahs were scheduled at the Nile Hilton, and Jennie Grossinger agreed to manage the hotel.

Jealous of Moshe Dayan's stunningly quick victory, South Viet Nam's Premier Ky asked him how he did it. "Well, to start with," said the Israeli Defense Minister, "it helps if you can arrange to fight against Arabs." Lyndon Johnson personally sent a black eyepatch to General Westmoreland. Nasser quit, but Levi Eshkol refused to accept his resignation. At week's end, the New York Times ran a full-page ad for Israel's El Al Airlines: VISIT ISRAEL AND SEE THE PYRAMIDS.



REFUGEES FROM THE MIDDLE EAST AFTER LANDING AT NEW YORK'S KENNEDY AIRPORT
After the ever-ready obscenities, folk songs, *Campanis* and a Roman spring.

DAN LIVINGSTON—LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

er Jack Kravatz: "Our donations are from Jew and non-Jew alike. We've had inquiries from church groups and from people walking in off the street to hand us a check. They have all called themselves friends of Israel who want to know how they can best help."

Blood & Money. The heaviest support came, naturally, from the 5,720,000 American Jews. At a luncheon meeting in New York's Waldorf-Astoria on the day the fighting started, \$1,000,000 a minute was pledged during one quarter-hour. That night in Chicago, another \$2.5 million was raised. Next night in Atlanta, \$1.1 million more was forthcoming. The pace was so fast that officials often had no idea how much they had collected. In New York, where the United Jewish Appeal set up an Israel Emergency Fund, Executive Vice President Herbert Friedman jotted down a flood of big-money pledges on odd scraps of office memo paper. "This," he said, "is a hell of a way to raise millions of dollars."

The little man was also contributing heavily. A newly bar-mitzvah'd Denver 13-year-old gave the \$500 relatives had just given him. "You have got it all now," said a Jewish Theological Seminary professor in a letter accompanying a check for \$25,000. A Negro woman in St. Louis sent \$25 in gratitude for the help she had received from Jewish agencies. Donors went into debt, sold their cars, cashed in securities and life insurance policies. "If Israelis can give their blood," said one man, "we can give what we have." By week's end more than a million had given \$90 million to the Emergency Fund. It will all go towards welfare programs in Israel and is therefore tax-deductible.

Clear as Neon. There were other kinds of gifts, too. A Manhattan cab driver marched into the headquarters of

the Jewish Agency for Israel with two sturdy youths, announcing: "I have no money to give you, but I'll give you my sons." More than 8,000 young Americans volunteered to go to Israel, and 200 of them managed to get in before the U.S. State Department barred travel to the area. They were expected to help with the harvest that is due soon and to fill in for men at the front. Many Americans already in Israel fled the area (see following story), but a goodly number insisted on staying and helping. Cabled a Brooklyn girl to her worried parents: SINCE WHEN HAS OUR FAMILY BEGUN TO RAISE CHICKENS?

No Americans were known to have joined the fighting—or were needed—but at least one, the Rev. Vendyl Jones of Sudan, Texas, lent civilian support. Wandering near the Jordan border from a kibbutz where he had been working, the Baptist minister started talking to the Israeli commander, who soon discovered that the Rev. Mr. Jones possessed a rare skill. His eyes, though color-blind, are somehow uniquely sensitive to the kind of synthetic dyes used in camouflage fabrics. "When I see that kind of dye," he explained, "it shines like new money." Peering through binoculars, he soon spotted, clear as neon, the important details of a neatly concealed Jordanian gun emplacement a mile away. Using Jones as a spotter, the Israelis quickly knocked out the guns and began the march that a day and a half later ended in the capture of Jerusalem's Old City.

New Hawks. Back in the U.S., relatives and friends anxious for news from Israel clogged phone lines so badly that they had to reserve calls three weeks in advance. Calls to Arab countries were also delayed by a week; Arab support across the nation, however, was all but nonexistent. Some 200 Arab demonstra-

tors, including a few Black Muslims and Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee members, mounted a picket line in front of the White House. But they were drowned out by some 20,000 demonstrators across the street who assembled to urge U.S. support for Israel and wound up celebrating Egypt's agreement to a cease-fire.

The pro-Israel rally provoked more than a few ironic smiles in Administration circles. Hawkish on Israel, many Jewish leaders have been among the most dovish in the U.S. on Viet Nam. SANE, which had been planning an anti-Viet Nam war rally last week, was forced to cancel the meeting, partly because so many members were out demonstrating for Israel.

AMERICANS ABROAD

Exodus, Economy-Class

When the fighting erupted, U.S. officialdom in the Middle East carried out a mini-exodus worthy of a latter-day Moses. In the face of the most widespread and violent anti-American outbursts in history, more than 20,000 U.S. civilians fled the area by cab and cattle boat, cruise ship and jetliner. About 35,000 Americans—mostly oil-company employees, military personnel and foreign service officers—remained behind, but U.S. consulates and embassies were ready to evacuate them as well should Arab hysteria continue to rise.

The fever was high enough already. Cascading around the U.S. embassies and cultural centers in Cairo, Baghdad, Beirut, Damascus, Benghazi, Tunis, Algiers, Amman and Khartoum, the ever-ready Arab mobs screamed obscenities. Windows were shattered in the Lebanese and Syrian U.S. embassies, and official cars—ignited by the mobs—burned fiercely in embassy compounds.

U.S. Marines in the Libyan consulate fought off rioters with pickax handles, then retreated to the security vault until British soldiers could rescue them. The American University in Beirut was hit by Molotov cocktails, and Americans were insulted openly in the streets—in many cases for show. In Beirut, cabled TIME Bureau Chief Lee Griggs, "an Arab friend accosted me on the street, mumbled, 'I have to do this or my friends won't respect me,' and spat literally in my face."

Pay Later. Few Americans faced real physical peril. One exception was U.S. Consul General John R. Barrow, who, with his British counterpart, was trapped by howling crowds on the upper floors of the U.S. consulate in the Syrian city of Aleppo. When the mobs set fire to the building, they escaped by sliding down ropes dropped from the back windows. With the help of Syrian security cops, they were able to hire taxis and, with six other Americans and Britons, made it safely to the Turkish border.

In no country did the U.S. Government do more than "advise" its citizens to leave; civilian departees were expected to buy their own economy-class air

tickets—and pay later if necessary. One major evacuation point was Beirut, where hundreds of Americans straggled in from Syria to join 3,000 Lebanon-based U.S. civilians, half of whom clustered on the campus of the American University. Each carried only one 44-lb. bag, plus two blankets and 24 hours' worth of food. Many women showed up carrying small dogs in large handbags. With the city in blackout, there was a moment of near panic when saboteurs blew up a Shell Oil storage tank several miles away. In the guttering glare of flames that shot hundreds of feet into the air, there was fear that Israeli bombers might strike, but husbands calmed wives, wives calmed children and children calmed dogs. Teenagers hauled out guitars and sang folk songs until Lebanese buses arrived to haul the evacuees to the Beirut airport.

Continental Breakfast. Escorted by tough riot police of Beirut's red-bereted "Squad 16," the Americans boarded Pan American and Middle East Airlines charter jets, soon were winging for Rome, Athens, Frankfurt, Istanbul, Ankara, and Nicosia on Cyprus. Others made it aboard the American Export Isbrandtsen freighter *Exilona* for a leisurely, sun-drenched cruise to the Cypriot port of Famagusta.

Barring any swift return to normalcy in the Middle East, most of the Americans will end their exodus in the U.S. Meanwhile, they made the most of their vacations. U.S. officials found accommodations for 2,000 Americans in Milan, more than 1,000 in Rome and 700 in Naples—in double rooms with Continental breakfast for as little as \$12 a day. There was a lot of swift sorting out among husbands and wives who had been separated along the way. Finally, many evacuees ended the week around hotel terraces sipping Campari sodas, dunking in pools or strolling the Via Veneto in the mild breezes of a Roman spring. "If this is being a refugee," said one American, "I never knew what I was missing."

FOREIGN AID

Twenty Years Later

On a spring morning in 1948, the U.S. freighter *John H. Quick* eased into the harbor of Bordeaux, her holds heavy with 9,000 tons of wheat. The scars of war still showed in the prostrate Europe that lay beyond the *Quick's* bows. As the vessel's golden cargo hit the dock, an act of giving and building unparalleled in history got underway. The Marshall Plan had become a reality. Last week, in ceremonies from Brussels to Bonn, the U.S. and its onetime beneficiaries quietly marked the 20th anniversary of the plan's conception.

Burden of Reconstruction. It was in the course of a Harvard Commencement Day address by then Secretary of State George Catlett Marshall that the plan was officially born. "I need not tell you gentlemen that the world situation is very serious," began Marshall

in his precise, low-key style. "The truth of the matter is that Europe's requirements for foreign food and other essential products—principally from America—are so much greater than her present ability to pay that she must have substantial additional help or face economic, social and political deterioration."

Though it is fashionable nowadays to deride American altruism as "unconscious imperialism," or worse, the U.S. had realized—even before combat in Europe ended on May 8, 1945—that as the world's wealthiest nation and the only major power that had endured the war unscathed, it would inevitably have to shoulder the burden of reconstruction. Until early 1947, Marshall had hoped that the Soviet Union would cooperate; he later offered aid to war-ravaged Russia and Eastern Europe.

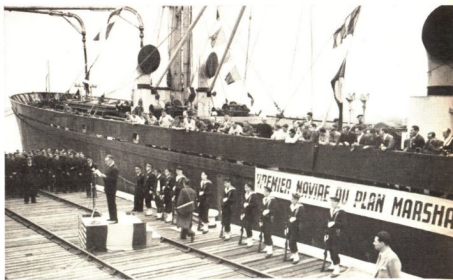
Stalin, resentful of U.S. influence in a Europe that seemed ripe for Communist plucking, denounced the plan—and within a year of its inception, Czechoslovakia and Poland, both of which had been eager for its benefits, had fallen to Red putches. In the Hotel Ritz in Paris last week, the U.S.'s most seasoned envoy, Averell Harriman, who was Ambassador to Russia during the last days of World War II, recalled before a 20th anniversary banquet a meeting that he had with Stalin in Berlin at war's end. "It must be a great satisfaction for you to be in Berlin," remarked Harriman. "Czar Alexander," growled Stalin, "got to Paris."

No Replay. It was dollars, not army divisions, that thwarted Stalin's hopes of a czarist replay. Over the four years from April 2, 1948, when the U.S. Congress overwhelmingly enacted Marshall Plan legislation, until June 30, 1952, when the last shipments of matériel and talent—ranging from vitamins to valuta, feed grains to corporate planners—reached the Continent, the U.S. had pumped \$13.5 billion into 16 European

nations,* an amount that averaged a bit more than 1% of the U.S.'s gross national product each year. The major beneficiaries were Great Britain (\$3.2 billion), France (\$2.7 billion), Italy (\$1.5 billion) and West Germany (\$1.4 billion). Washington insisted that U.S. aid had to be organized on a pan-European basis rather than as a congeries of bilateral arrangements. Thus, with the same economics-before-politics approach that was to lead a decade later to the Common Market, the U.S. helped pave the way to European cooperation. As Belgium's Paul Henri Spaak, a founding father of the Common Market, observed at a Brussels anniversary colloquium last week, the U.S. showed "a clearer awareness of what Europe must do to save herself than many Europeans themselves."

Today Western Europe is the wealthiest complex of nations in the world, with a combined gross national product of \$508 billion, v. the East Bloc's \$443 billion. Only two former Marshall Plan members—Greece and Turkey—are still receiving U.S. economic aid, most of it in P.L. 480 food surpluses and low-interest loans. Out of the ashes of World War II, the nations of Western Europe have forged not only a Common Market but also a sense of common interest that, for all the disruptions and distractions caused today by Gaullist France, may be destined to achieve the economic force and political cohesiveness that—thanks to envy and enmity—have eluded the Continent since the birth of time. If a United States of Europe emerges in the future, its conception may well be traced to the United States of America in an all-but-forgotten past.

* Austria, Belgium, Britain, Denmark, France, West Germany, Greece, Iceland, Ireland, Italy, Luxembourg, The Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Sweden, Turkey.



S.S. "JOHN H. QUICK" GREETED AT BORDEAUX (1948)
An act of giving and building unparalleled in history.

Reverse Peace Corps

The U.S., which invented foreign aid and made it a permanent pillar of the nation's foreign policy, is about to savor the taste of bread cast upon waters. From Buenos Aires came word that, beginning next month, 15 altruistic Argentines will arrive in the U.S. to begin a Peace Corps in reverse, dedicated to the eradication of poverty, ignorance and disease in North America.

The Argentine contingent, made up entirely of girls, will be the first arrivals of some 100 "Volunteers to America" recruited from Asia, Africa and Latin America. They are coming to the U.S. in response to an invitation implicit in a 1966 message to Congress by Lyndon Johnson: "Our nation has no better ambassadors than the young volunteers who serve in the Peace Corps. I propose that we welcome similar ambassadors to our shores." With domestic poverty programs already showing signs of anemia, the transfusion should be beneficial.

At the same time, the visitors have much to learn about a side of *Yanqui* life that gets little publicity south of the border. One of the group, for example, is Estela Devoto, 22, a brown-eyed, bang-topped daughter of a wealthy Buenos Aires architect, who has worked as a welfare volunteer and is eager to fight poverty in the rural U.S. Her only exposure to the countryside to date has been on her father's 8,000-acre *estancia* 250 miles from Buenos Aires, where she rides a *caballo criollo*—an Argentinian equivalent of the American cow pony—among a herd of 2,000 Aberdeen Angus. She will probably be assigned to Appalachia.



ARGENTINA'S DEVOTO IN BUENOS AIRES
Transfusion for anemia.

BOSTON

Blue Hill Blues

CAUTION, PLEASE! admonished a crudely painted sign above the store window. I AM YOUR SOUL BROTHER. A member of an unfraternal mob proceeded to hurl a brick through it, as others in the surging crowd had at a score of shops along Blue Hill Avenue in Boston's Roxbury Negro district during three straight nights of riots and looting. After three tense summers in which it had escaped the disturbances that plagued many other major U.S. cities, Boston finally succumbed to ghetto dementia.

Cars were overturned, bottles whizzed through the air, fires lighted the night for looters picking their way through the tawdry little stores along Roxbury's main street. Gangs of youths taunted firemen who responded to alarms, 50 of them false; one firefighter received a bullet in his hand for his pains. More than 30 policemen were injured, along with scores of rioters. At the height of the violence, 1,600 Boston bluecoats were sent in to saturate the five-block area. By the end of the third night, 63 people had been arrested.

Wrong Course. The trouble began quietly enough, with a sit-in at the district office of the Boston Welfare Department by a group styling itself MAW—Mothers for Adequate Welfare. Complaining of hostility on the part of welfare workers and arbitrariness on the part of the department, about 30 MAWs locked themselves inside, announcing that they would not move until they had talked with Welfare Director Daniel Cronin. When police came to remove them, one woman screamed, a window was broken, and the crowd outside went on its mindless rampage.

Many people in the city had believed that Boston would escape serious trouble altogether. Though Roxbury is not exactly Beacon Hill, Boston's black belt is far less dismal than most Negro ghettos. It has less than half (6.9%) the unemployment of Cleveland's Hough, 10.5% higher average family income (\$4,200) than Los Angeles' Watts, and a relatively stable history, with many Negroes tracing their Roxbury roots back several generations. Yet obviously, as Negro Senator Edward Brooke pointed out, both the resentments and the problems were there in abundance. "The course they decided to follow is the wrong course," said Brooke, "but many of them can see no other."

The riots will doubtless be a factor in the September Democratic mayoral primary. Even as Roxbury quieted, Mayor John Collins, 47, an honest, efficient, if tough-fisted administrator, announced that he would not seek a third term. Though Edward Logue, the city's famed urban renewal director, will most likely be the favored candidate of the outgoing Collins administration and the city's business community, School Com-



BUILDING ABLAZE IN ROXBURY DISTRICT
Finally succumbing to ghetto dementia.

mittee Member Mrs. Louise Day Hicks, a longtime foe of enforced school integration, will almost certainly call some white votes as a result of the Blue Hill eruption, and has at least an outside chance of becoming the Honorable Mrs. Hicks.

SHIPPING

Troubled Seas

Since Mamie Eisenhower christened the *Savannah* in 1959, the streamlined, white-hulled ship has plied an ever-deepening sea of red ink. The world's first nuclear-powered merchantman cost the Government \$82 million to build and up to \$2,700,000 a year in subsidies to keep afloat. She sailed in May on a transpacific voyage that may well be her last, if the Senate—which scheduled hearings on her fate this week—decides that the ship, handsome as she is, is not worth her keep.

Savannah was built by the U.S. as a floating symbol of the peaceful application of atomic energy. She was also designed to show that nuclear-powered ships are safe, and to promote their acceptance in ports around the world. Now the Administration says that she has accomplished both her good will and scientific missions. Neither has come cheap. Indeed, experience with *Savannah* made it painfully clear that income from cargo can pay but a fraction of operating costs of nuclear vessels, which are boosted by extraordinary safety requirements and specialized crew training.

Nonetheless, awaiting action in Congress is a bill by Senate Commerce Committee Chairman Warren Magnuson to authorize construction of as many as six successors to *Savannah*. Mean-

while, he believes, she should be kept in commission. Her backers argue that scrapping *Savannah* could set back development of a nuclear merchant fleet by five to ten years. "It was a long time between Robert Fulton's steamboat and operating steamships," says a U.S. maritime official. "Then the British used steam for years while we stuck to sails—and we never did catch up with their head start."

POLITICAL NOTES

Pulling Power

For Michigan Democrats, last week's special election in the 75th legislative district was a second chance compounded. It was an opportunity to undo the damage of another special election (TIME, June 2), in which the Republicans scored an upset, gained a one-vote majority in the state house of representatives (thus improving the prospects of the G.O.P. tax program), and demonstrated yet again the pulling power of Governor George Romney.

For the latest round, fought in a swing district just northeast of Detroit, the Democrats nominated Insurance Salesman Victor Steeh, 44, who had represented the area previously, and got every big Democratic name in the state to campaign for him. The stakes for the Republicans, and particularly Romney, were just as high. To support the relatively green G.O.P. candidate, Lawyer David Serotkin, 28, Romney again led a clutch of party personalities to the stump.

Fifteen minutes after the polls closed, Serotkin claimed victory. His plurality—1,252 out of 10,524 votes cast—confirmed his optimism. It might also give Romney something to small-talk about when he takes a July "vacation" in New Hampshire, which happens to have the country's first presidential primary next year.

Exile for Elliott

He should have been a shoo-in. His first two-year term as mayor of Miami Beach had been honest and productive. He had become a popular, familiar figure about town. More important, in a city where more than 40% are old enough (the median age: 59) for the welfare benefits initiated by his father, Elliott Roosevelt had a magic name.

Nonetheless, Miami Beach voters last week rejected Elliott by a vote of 10,692 to 8,455 in a nonpartisan runoff, electing in his place a political novice, Attorney Jay Dermer, 37. Roosevelt (whose losing margin roughly equaled his winning ratio in 1965) may have been a remote casualty of the Middle East war, which had a galvanic effect on Miami Beach residents, a substantial majority of whom are Jewish. While the last of F.D.R.'s sons still in public office used his father's old campaign song, *Happy Days Are Here Again*, Dermer alternated speeches in Yiddish with addresses by his Israeli-born wife in Hebrew.

THE EAST

Darkness at Noon

In Philadelphia, 1,500 subway riders stumbled through darkness from their stalled trains beneath the city where Benjamin Franklin started it all by attracting a bolt of lightning with kite and key. In Menlo Park, N.J., on the spot where Thomas Alva Edison invented the light bulb, an "eternal light" winked out for an instant before an emergency generator restored its glow.

From Hackensack to Pottstown, Lock Haven to Dover, the power lines went dead for up to nine daylight hours throughout a 15,000-sq.-mi. chunk of the East. More than 13 million people, living in three-quarters of New Jersey, much of eastern Pennsylvania, eastern Maryland and northern Delaware, were caught last week in the nation's second great power failure.

General Motors sent home 4,000 day-shift workers from its Linden, N.J., plant and canceled operations at five other facilities. Laboratories, factories and offices throughout the heavily industrialized region also shut down. Schoolchildren got an unexpected holiday; police and firemen were called in for emergency shifts. At a Wilmington medical center, a 10-lb. 2-oz. boy was born by flashlight.

Emergency Solution. Coal miners near Wilkes-Barre scurried 300 ft. to the surface when fans that dissipate dangerous fumes failed. Two window washers spent two hours and 18 minutes outside the 16th floor of the Farmers Bank Building in Wilmington, passing the time waving at office girls in the building across the street. In a darkened Philadelphia building, where a federal committee to study ways of handling emergency situations was in session, its nine members solved their own by walking down nine flights to the street.

The failure crippled nearly one-third of the 48,000-sq.-mi. area served by the Pennsylvania-New Jersey-Maryland Interconnection, a power grid serving those three states plus Delaware, Virginia and Washington, D.C. It began in southeastern Pennsylvania, when a 230,000-volt power line abruptly surged with 606,000 kilowatts. The overloaded line heated up and cross-circuited with a low-voltage line. The Philadelphia Electric Co. had twice warned system dispatchers to anticipate a heavy load and split it between two lines, but the orders, for some reason, were disregarded. The short circuit automatically shut down Philadelphia Electric's Muddy Run power station. Unpredictably, two other generating plants in Pennsylvania and New Jersey shut down, and the system fell dead.

New York, which bore the brunt of 1965's Northeast blackout, was spared when automatic relays opened to cut it off from the interconnection. That stroke—and the fact that it was a bright, clear day—saved the area from the near catastrophe that engulfed it on the night

of Nov. 9, 1965, when 30 million people, over 80,000 sq. mi., spent up to twelve frantic hours in the dark.

Slim Margin. After the 1965 shock, the White House, federal officials and private power companies declared that steps would be taken to ensure that it would never happen again. In fact, there have been 17 serious power failures across the U.S. since the 1965 blackout. The P.J.-M. grid, which Federal Power Commission Chairman Lee C. White calls "one of our better-coordinated pools," is in the midst of a major expansion but offers a safety margin of only 3% over this summer's anticipated peak load, far short of the 12% that most experts consider minimal. "I guess we were a little complacent," admitted Austin T. Gardner, president of the Del-



RUSH FOR CANDLES IN NEWARK, N.J.
Another reminder of Achilles' heel.

marva Power & Light Co. "We really didn't think it would happen here."

In the wake of the failure, a Senate committee met with FPC Chairman White to examine its human and mechanical causes. The biggest issue at stake is how to build in safeguards to save the nation's electric-grid system from its Achilles' heel. In theory, and in most cases of minor failure, the system works as planned. When one power plant breaks down, interconnections permit the slack to be taken up by others; conversely, when one is generating more than its needs, it can supply power to others. The weakness of the system is that a lightning-fast chain reaction can knock out all the links.

At week's end, as Lee White asked Congress for authority to set and enforce higher standards of reliability, the East could take little comfort from his prognosis: "It could be ten years before we have any similar problem. But it could happen again tomorrow."

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST

The Quickest War

(See Cover)

No amount of warning, however shrill, ever quite prepares a people for the air-raid siren's scream. The first wail is always difficult to believe. In Cairo, last week, it scarcely disturbed the morning bustle of the bazaar, or the gossip of black-clad women clucking along the banks of the muddy Nile. No matter that only the night before, President Gamal Abdel Nasser had welcomed Iraq to the Egypto-Jordanian alliance against Israel, and proclaimed: "We are so eager for battle in order to force the enemy to awake from his dreams and meet Arab reality face to face." Fixed in their own routine, the residents of Nasser's capital listened to the unfamiliar sound of the siren and continued—for a time—to go about their business.

In Tel Aviv, Israel's largest city, the reaction was much the same—and with better reason. Only days before, new Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, the last ing, one-eyed "Hero of Sinai," had said

the time was not ripe to strike at the Arab forces ominously gathering around the Jewish homeland. "It is either too early or too late," he said. "Either we should have reacted right away, or we should wait and see what are the results of diplomacy." Since the choice was obviously to wait and see, when the first sirens sounded, most Tel Avivians thought it was a drill. A few dutifully ambled to shelters; others merely scanned the cloudless skies and shrugged.

This was no drill. In stunning pre-dawn air strikes across the face of the Arab world, Israeli jets all but eliminated Arab airpower—and with it any chance of an Arab victory. Without air cover, tanks and infantry under the clear skies of the desert offered little more than target practice. In a few astonishing hours of incredibly accurate bombing and strafing, Israel erased an expensive decade of Russian military aid to the Arab world.

Hardly a Crater. Striking in ahead of the dawn, the first waves of Israeli Mirage-3 fighter-bombers simultaneously

destroyed four Egyptian airbases in the Sinai Peninsula, site of Nasser's massive buildup against Israel in the past month. Some 200 of Nasser's frontline fighters, mostly Russian-built MIG-21s, were caught and destroyed on the ground. At almost the same time, Israeli jets hit Arab bases in Jordan, Syria and Iraq. They swept in from the sea to hit Egyptian bases deeper inside Egypt; and after landing only long enough to refuel, they hammered away until 25 of the most vital fields in the Arab world lay smoking. So expert were the Israeli pilots that they seldom seemed to waste a bomb, a rocket or a bullet. Their reconnaissance photos showed plane after plane smashed and burning—with hardly a crater in the runways or the level sands surrounding the targets (see pp. 24-25).

By Monday night, the end of the first day's fighting, some 400 warplanes of five Arab nations had been obliterated. Egypt alone lost 300, Syria 60, Jordan 35, Iraq 15, Lebanon at least one. The cost to Israel's 400-fighter air force: 19 planes and pilots, mostly downed by ground fire.

Inevitably, the fact that so many Arab planes were trapped in their parking area—strung out wingtip to wingtip—suggested that Israel must have struck the first blow. The stunned Arabs, of course, said that it had, and Moscow angrily concurred. But, as Israel first told it, the Jewish jets scrambled only after early-warning radar picked up several waves of Arab planes headed straight for Israel. At the same time, a massive Egyptian armored column was reported to be rolling out of its base at El Arish and steering toward the Israeli border.

Historians may argue for years over who actually fired the first shot or dropped the first bomb. But the *Realpolitik* of Israel's overwhelming triumph has rendered the question largely academic. Ever since Israel was created 19 years ago, the Arabs have been lusty for the day when they could destroy it. And in the past month, Nasser succeeded for the first time in putting together an alliance of Arab armies ring-fencing Israel: he moved some 80,000 Egyptian troops and their armor into Sinai and elbowed out the U.N. buffer force that had separated the antagonists for a decade. With a hostile Arab population of 110,000,000 menacing their own of 2,700,000, the Israelis could be forgiven for feeling a fearful itch in the trigger finger. When Nasser closed the Gulf of Aqaba, a fight became almost inevitable.

Death in Zagazig. It was radio, rather than air-raid sirens, that delivered the full realization of war to the people on both sides. A full hour after the first sirens and some four hours after the attack, Radio Cairo got around to announcing the Israeli air raids, and then



ADVANCING ISRAELIS AT EL ARISH IN THE SINAI
Absolute masters, for the moment at least.

the martial music and martial pep talks began. "Our people have been waiting 20 years for this battle," roared Cairo. "Now they will teach Israel the lesson of death! The Arab armies have a rendezvous in Israel!"

The first day's battle bulletins teemed with false reports of victory, including the claim of 86 Israeli planes shot down. At each fresh bit of wishful reporting, the Cairo mobs that were gathered around transistor radios on every street corner erupted in excited yells and jubilant dances. They chanted such ditties as "We shall fight, we shall fight, our beloved Nasser; we are behind you to Tel Aviv!"

Whenever black puffs of anti-aircraft fire blossomed above the horizon, crowds clinging precariously to trucks careened off towards the action, hoping to see a captured Israeli pilot. Radio Cairo reported that one downed pilot had pulled his pistol to threaten a band of fellahin in the delta town of Zagazig; the fellahin chopped him to pieces with their field axes. As night fell, thousands of youth volunteers, self-consciously aware of their new authority, poured into the streets to enforce a complete blackout on the capital.

Much the same mixture of exhilaration and invective marked the first flush of war in the other Arab capitals. "Kill the Jews!" screamed Radio Baghdad. A Syrian commander offered the rash prediction to radio listeners that "we will destroy Israel in four days." In Damascus, schools were closed, more in celebration than precaution against air raids, and schoolchildren, singing rhythmically, filled sandbags and placed them around public buildings. Having no prepared shelters, the Syrians hastily converted two discotheques. In Beirut, supplies of laundry bluing, vegetable dye and blue paint quickly ran out as drivers rushed to darken their headlights. The *nouveau-modern* Phoenicia Hotel painted all its windows on the first five floors in blue so that some of its guests could have light during the blackout.

Ice-Cream Trucks. Tel Aviv's residents got the news only 30 minutes after the first air-raid siren, as Radio Kol Israel interrupted its regular broadcast to announce that heavy fighting had begun against "Egyptian armored and aerial forces which moved against Israel." Lively Jewish folk tunes, rousing Israeli pioneer songs and stirring military marches, including the theme song from *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, filled the air waves until Defense Minister Dayan came on. His message, like the man, was economical and blunt, concluding with: "Soldiers of the Israel Defense Forces: on this day our hopes and security are with you."

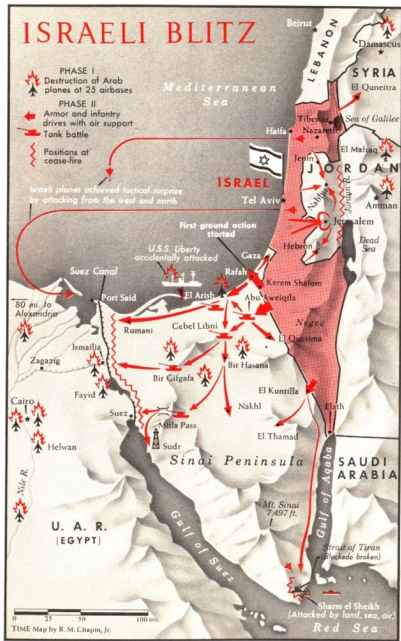
Only three-fourths of Israel's reserves were mobilized when war began. Now the radio read out the code names of the remaining units: Love of Zion, Close Shave, Men of Work, Alternating Current, Open Window, Good Friends. Throughout the tiny nation,

youths and middle-aged men scrambled into the streets, half in uniform, half in mufti, bundles and knapsacks thrown over their shoulders as they headed for their prearranged secret rendezvous with buses.

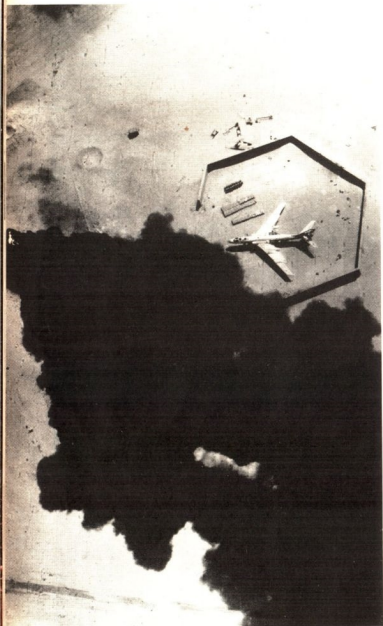
The buses used to deliver the reservists to their units in the field were often reserves too: laundry trucks, ice-cream trucks, even taxis and private cars drafted along with Israel's men and women. All were elements of a superbly organized and functioning system that Major General Dayan helped to create between 1953 and 1956 when he was Israeli Chief-of-Staff. Israeli tanks, each manned by a single regular of Israel's 50,000-man standing army, waited in

convenient tank parks for the two or three reservists required to complete each crew. The tanks were ready to move out, complete with helmets, razors and toothbrushes. Each crew had been assigned battle sectors, rendezvous points and objectives. Israeli Intelligence had tracked the Arab enemy to the last desert dune. The system worked so well that Israel was able to field a fighting force of 235,000 men within 48 hours.

Trapping the Remnant. Modern desert warfare is essentially tank warfare, supported by infantry and aided by air. At the start of the war, both Israel and Egypt had some 1,000 tanks each. The Israelis were largely American and British; Nasser's were Russian, like most



DEATH OF EGYPT'S AIR FORCE



In the decisive strike on the war's first day, Israeli fighter-bombers, as these reconnaissance photos from Tel Aviv show, knocked out more than half of Egypt's 520-

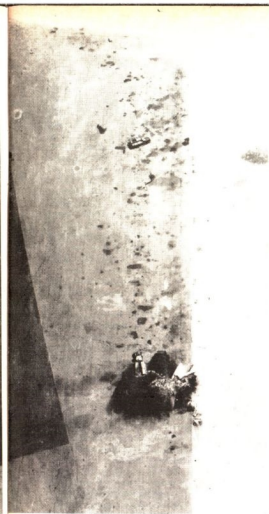
plane, Soviet-made air force, including the Tupolev 16 bomber above (note holes in tail) in its protective revetment at Cairo West military airport.

Absence of bomb craters and bullet pocks around destroyed MIG-21 fighters at Inshas airbase near Cairo reflect pinpoint accuracy of the Israeli pilots, who wasted little ammunition.

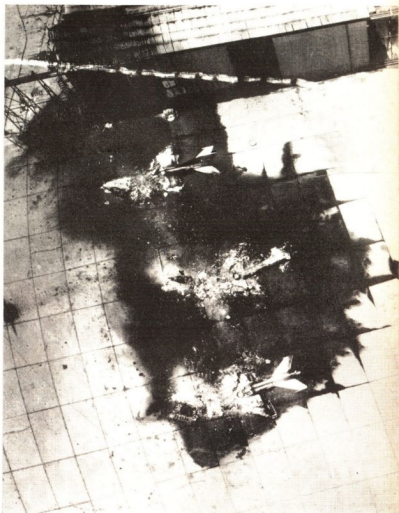


Two MIG-21 supersonic fighters are in flames at Abu Suweir airbase near west bank of Suez. Black fumes around apparently un-





scathed MIG indicate that it, too, was hit, and probably burst into flames seconds after picture was taken.



Three neatly destroyed MIGs symbolize Egypt's impotence. Most aviation experts believe that even

if Egyptians had got into the air, they would have been outclassed by the Israelis.



ISRAELI DEFENSE FORCES



Old-fashioned (circa 1956) prop-driven Ilyushin 14 transport burns after being shot down over Sinai Desert. Though

Soviets foisted some old equipment onto Egyptians, most of the combat planes were first-class modern aircraft.



BLASTED EGYPTIAN TANK IN THE DESERT
Men at work in hell's amphitheater.

of his other equipment. Some 800 on each side squared off to battle for the Sinai Peninsula, a hell's amphitheater of ankle-deep, choking velvet sand broken by the other slag heaps of hills and occasional grey-green scrub.

There, as in the air, the Israeli tactics were based on surprise and speed. They were the same tactics Dayan had employed in his 1956 Sinai campaign that sent the Arabs scrambling barefoot for home within 100 hours. "The enemy will be given no time to reorganize after the assault, and there will be no pause in the fighting," he wrote in his reconstruction of that war, *Diary of the Sinai Campaign*. "We shall organize separate forces for each of the main objectives, and it will be the task of each force to get there in one continuous battle, one long breath to fight and push on, fight and push on, until the objective is gained."

Israel's main objectives in the Sinai last week were much the same as they were in 1956: to break the back of the massed Arab armor on its borders, then to sprint south to seize Sharm el Sheikh on the heights that control the Strait of Tiran, then west to the edge of the Suez Canal, trapping the remnants of Egypt's forces. To be sure, no one expected the fight to move so swiftly this time. The word was that with Russian help, Nasser had vastly improved his armies. In addition, he had the advantage of Dayan's *Diary*, which not only recapitulated in precise detail every element of Israeli tactics and strategy, it even provided a critique of what the Israelis and Egyptians had done wrong last time.

But Nasser had apparently not read Dayan; nor had he studied Santayana, who observed that "those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." Thundering down the same roads, blasting and overrunning the

same Egyptian positions, the Israelis repeated almost exactly what they had done in 1956—the only difference was that this time the job took only half as long.

From Kerem Shalom in the north to El Kuntilla in the south, Israeli Centurion tanks, halftracks and field guns, plus convoys of infantrymen in sand-colored fatigues, pounded across from the Negev into Sinai in the blazing morning sunlight. In some places, the Egyptians had built their fortifications smack against the Israeli border; there, in hand-to-hand fighting, the Israelis drove them out. While the pushing Israeli ground troops forced the Egyptians back, Israeli jets roamed the skies virtually unchallenged, bombing and strafing at will. Within two days, the Israelis had knocked out or captured 200 of Nasser's tanks, and were deep in Sinai. One prong of their attack curled northward and occupied the Gaza Strip, site of Egyptian artillery and mortars and the vast unkempt barracks that housed the rabid, ragtag refugee Palestinian Liberation Army. Israelis wasted little time weeding out the toughest of the Arab commandos and terrorists, carting them off to prisoner-of-war stockades erected deep inside the Negev Desert.

Hathaway Patch. Amid the swirl of battle orders, Moshe Dayan took a few minutes off to be officially installed as Israel's Defense Minister. He had been on the job for six eventful days before Premier Levi Eshkol actually administered the oath of office. And even then, neither he nor Israel really thought the ceremony was necessary. His country was fighting for its life, and the tough general in the black eyepatch was clearly Israel's first and only choice.

Dayan is as much a *sabra* as an Israeli can be. He was born on May 20, 1915, in the first Jewish kibbutz estab-

lished in Palestine. When he was seven, his Russian émigré parents moved the family to a *moshav*, a cooperative farm where, unlike a kibbutz, the members own their land. Moshe liked both farming and books, but he soon found himself learning the arts of war as well. The British sent him to prison in 1939 for belonging to a unit of the Haganah, the Jewish underground.

He was released two years later to work as a scout for the Australians against the Vichy French in Syria. During a fire fight, a bullet drove his binoculars into the left side of his face, destroying an eye, which he has kept covered ever since with a Hathaway-style black patch. Despite his wound, Dayan was eventually back in action, leading the Haganah commandos in 1948. Soon after, he took command of the Jerusalem front in Israel's first war with the Arabs. In 1953, he was made Chief of Staff, and he taught the Israeli army his uncompromising philosophy of battle—speed, emphasis on surprise and night assaults—the attributes that led to victory in 1956, and again last week.

Only a year later, he retired to study politics. He joined Ben-Gurion's Cabinet as Minister of Agriculture, where he proved every bit as tough a professional as he had been in the army. Against determined opposition, he broke up the large dairy cooperatives, which he felt were not operating in the nation's best economic interest. He seemed on the way to eventual premiership. Then, when Ben-Gurion resigned and left the ruling Mapai party, Dayan followed; he became a Knesset member of B-G's splinter Rafi party.

Fiercely independent, and an outspo-

LONDON EXPRESS-PICTORIAL



EGYPTIAN DEAD ON SINAI RAILROAD
Perhaps they didn't read the *Diary*.

TIME, JUNE 16, 1967

ken iconoclast, Dayan was a success at every job he tried. But the profession of arms is his first love. He went back into uniform last week with calm confidence. If he had any complaint, it was that the desk-bound duties of a Defense Minister kept him from spending as much time as he would have liked with his troops; there was too much paper work waiting in his command bunker in Jerusalem. Even so, at least once a day he motored, flew or helicoptered to inspect some military field position. He wanted to see for himself that every aspect of the war was being handled properly. For this time Israel was involved in far more than a Sinai campaign.

Lovelier Windows. At 11 a.m. on the first day of battle in response to a plea from Nasser, Jordan opened a second front. Mortar and artillery shells rumbled down from the heights of Arab Jerusalem to splatter the Israeli sector of the divided city. Longer-range guns reached across Israel's narrow waist to hit the outskirts of Tel Aviv, and Syrian guns opened up on northern Israeli towns from the hills overlooking the Sea of Galilee. But it was Jerusalem, the Israeli capital, that took the worst damage the Arabs inflicted on the Jews in the whole war. Most of the city's residents spent the next two days of constant bombardment in underground shelters. Even with only essential civilians venturing above ground, more than 500 were killed and wounded in the massive Jordanian shelling.

No part of the city was spared. Shells hit near Premier Eshkol's home and in the garden of the King David Hotel. The glass panes in the Israel Museum were blasted out, and the Isaiah Scroll, most complete of all the Dead Sea Scrolls, was hastily moved into its underground vault. Most of the famed Chagall stained-glass windows in the Hadassah Medical Center's synagogue were taken down in time, but a hole was blasted in one. Wrote Chagall from France: "I am not worried about the windows, only about the safety of Israel. Let Israel be safe and I will make you lovelier windows."

As darkness descended on the Judean hills, the Israelis moved to the attack. Swept-wing French jets, the Star of David gleaming in blue and white on their wings, swooped down on Jordanian positions around the city in a spectacular exhibition of night bombing that left the skies red with flames. Two armored columns snaked out and around the Old City of Jerusalem. Within its ancient walls are nestled the holy sites of three world religions, and Israeli gunners and bombers had carefully spared it. The northern column fought its way to the commanding height of Mount Scopus. The southern column swept south, moving inexorably from hill to hill despite stubborn Jordanian Arab League resistance, until the Old City was encircled.



EGYPTIAN PRISONERS BEING TRUCKED TO THE REAR
Far better with words than with weapons.

Next night Israeli commandos prepared a dawn attack into the Old City itself. But most of the Jordanian troops defending it had slipped away, leaving only sniper resistance as one Israeli unit entered through St. Stephen's Gate and a second drove through the Damascus Gate. By 10 a.m., the conquerors stood before the great boulders of the Wailing Wall, the only remnant of the Second Temple, that for 1,897 years has been the symbol of Jewish national hope—and despair. For all the sensational—and far more important military victories won in Sinai, nothing so elated the Israelis as the capture of the Biblical city of Jerusalem. Said the tough commando leader who took the Wall: "None of us alive has ever seen or done anything so great as he has done today." And there by the Wall, he broke down and wept.

Curious Footnote. One by one, other Biblical towns fell to the advancing Israelis—Jericho, Hebron, Bethlehem—until they had seized all of Hussein's kingdom west of the Jordan River and the Dead Sea. Unlike their Egyptian brethren in Sinai, King Hussein's legionnaires fought stubbornly and with discipline. But as in Sinai, the Israelis' absolute mastery of the air meant ultimate Arab defeat. All day the jets wheeled into steep dives to drop bombs and napalm canisters on stubborn pockets of Jordanian resistance. Unaware of the extent of Egypt's air losses, Hussein could not believe that the Israeli air force alone could so blacken the sky on his own Jordanian front. Thus it was partially understandable that for a while, at least, he backed up Nasser's

claim that the U.S. and British planes had joined in Israel's attack.

Nasser almost surely knew better. But he was desperate to find an excuse for the Arab debacle, and he probably hoped that by implicating the U.S. and Britain he might persuade Moscow to come to his rescue. He never had a chance. Russian ships monitoring the U.S. air movements in the Mediterranean knew from their own radar that no U.S. or British planes had been involved. The Russian ambassador in Cairo went to Nasser and bluntly told him so. With nothing more to lose, Nasser continued his big lie, triggering the breaking off of diplomatic relations by seven Arab nations with the U.S. and touching off demonstrations against U.S. and British embassies all over the Arab world.

Just how Nasser pressured Hussein into backing his phony air-attack ploy will surely become one of history's more curious footnotes. Israel monitored and tape-recorded a radio conversation between Nasser and Hussein on the second day of the war, and released the dialogue two days later. The voices were unmistakably those of Nasser and the King; neither bothered to deny it. A sampling of their talk:

Nasser: Hello—will we say the U.S. and England or just the U.S.?

Hussein: The U.S. and England.

Nasser: Does Britain have aircraft carriers?

Hussein: (Answer unintelligible.)

Nasser: By God, I say that I will make an announcement and you will make an announcement and we will see to it that the Syrians will make an an-

nouncement that American and British airplanes are taking part against us from aircraft carriers. We will stress the matter, and we will drive the point home.

Later, Hussein admitted that the "vast umbrella" over Jordan had been entirely Israeli. Nasser, however, stuck to his story to the end, insisting that "three times as many" planes as Israel possessed had engaged the Arab forces.

Disappointed Troopers. To the south of Israel, Nasser's soldiers were having considerably more trouble sticking to their guns. By Wednesday night, the third day of war, all Israel brimmed with the sense of victory. As Dayan's chief of staff, Major General Yitzhak Rabin, summed it up succinctly: "We have inflicted almost total destruction on the Egyptian army, delivered a crushing blow to the Jordanian army, cap-

the cease-fire had been violated by the other, Israel turned its full and angry attention to the nation that, by provoking terrorist raids and egging Nasser on, had probably done the most to create the crisis. Despite the natural advantage of the terrain they occupied, the Syrians were driven off the heights of Galilee as Israel extended its conquests 15 miles from the border. Israeli tanks and planes fought all the way to the outskirts of Damascus.

The Hebrew Version. Cairo received the news of the cease-fire in stunned and sullen silence. Extra police turned out at key points where demonstrators normally rally, but no one in the city seemed in the mood for demonstrating. Police moved swiftly through the empty streets taking down the anti-Israel slogans and banners that had festooned

to Mount Scopus back into operation; it had been saving the number for that particular route ever since the last run was made in 1948. Jerusalem Mayor Teddy Kollek called his municipal council into session to approve a \$50 million fund "to rebuild the Eternal City of Jerusalem." Like Dayan and Eshkol and every other Israeli who could possibly manage it, Ben-Gurion visited the Wailing Wall. "This is the greatest moment of my life," he said, then frowned as he noticed that the Jordanian sign on the wall was in English and Arabic. He asked the soldiers to take it down and replace it with a Hebrew version, fussing at them all the while not to damage the stones.

No Clearance. Though at the outset of the fighting Eshkol had asserted that his country had no territorial ambitions, the magnitude of Israel's victory began to temper that resolution. Dayan himself said of the Old City on its capture: "We have returned to our holiest of holy places, never to depart again." Nor did he have to add that Israel was not likely to let Sharm el Sheikh fall back into Arab hands to renew the possibility of another blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba. It was equally clear to all concerned that taking the heights of Galilee permanently from the Syrians would remove the longstanding Arab threat to Israel's Jordan water supply. Holding fast to the west bank of the Suez would guarantee the right of passage to Israeli shipping, denied by Nasser since 1956.

In the flush of a victory that surprised even Dayan and his officers ("I thought it would take a day or two longer," Chief-of-Staff Rabin said laconically), the Israelis are clearly not yet sure what to do with their spoils. Indeed, they hardly had time to count the full cost of their victory—or of the Arab defeat. Casualty figures, as yet, are fragmentary, but the few days of desert warfare may well have accounted for more dead than a whole year's fighting in Viet Nam. And historians will be a long time calculating the price in Arab morale, to say nothing of Russia's tremendous loss of face as it stood helplessly by, watching its expensive Middle Eastern adventure being ground to dust by the advancing Israelis. Among the major Israeli spoils were several captured Russian SAM missiles.

What seems certain now is that, for the moment at least, Israel is the absolute master of the Middle East; it need take orders from no one, and can dictate its own terms in the vacuum of big-power inaction, U.N. feebleness, and Arab impotence.

How did Israel manage to win so big so quickly? Much of the answer can be found in the almost incredible lack of Arab planning, coordination and communications. Despite their swift defeat in 1956, this time the Arabs seemed to expect a long, leisurely war of attrition. Though two squadrons of Algerian



tured most of the relevant parts of the Sinai Peninsula and the west bank of the Jordan, and we have destroyed almost totally the air forces of four countries." Eager young Israeli paratroopers prepared for a jump assault on Sharm el Sheikh, only to be advised that the Israeli navy had arrived first—and the Egyptians had fled. The disappointed troopers disembarked like tourists from planes that landed unopposed on the Egyptian airstrip.

Next day, as Israeli troops captured the west bank of the Suez Canal, Jordan broke ranks and accepted the U.N. cease-fire that Moscow had been desperately trying to arrange for three days to save the Arabs from total disaster. The Egyptians fought one final tank battle at Suez in a frantic attempt to open a retreat path for what was left of their 80,000-man ground force in Sinai; then they, too, agreed to the cease-fire. Syria joined the chorus only a few hours later.

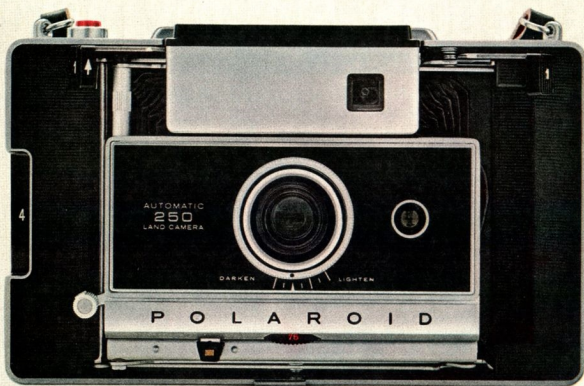
But Syria was not to be let off quite that easily. With each side claiming that

the city since Nasser's buildup began last month. Of the Arab alliance, only Algeria, which sent 36 MIGs too late to aid Nasser, vowed to fight on—presumably because the Algerians had not fought at all and were safely out of Israel's deadly reach.

Tel Aviv, however, was a different world. Suddenly it became a city of blue and white flags, fluttering from tall poles, flying from auto aerials, draped from terraces overlooking the sparkling sea. The beaches filled up with bathers and paddle-ball players; occasional soldiers, the dust of the desert still clinging to their boots, thumbed rides homeward on brief furloughs; concerts, chorales and cruises all resumed their schedules.

Jerusalem's Mandelbaum Gate, once a grim passageway into no-man's land, became just another street intersection, save for bands of religious Jews in their black hats and long coats who gathered to cheer every Israeli vehicle rolling out of the Old City. The sentimental Israeli city bus cooperative put its No. 9 bus

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MIG-21s arrived, they were a fatal 24 hours too late because Egyptian commanders had failed to instruct them which airbase to head for. In retrospect, it might have been even worse if they had arrived in time for the Israeli raids. Five plane-loads of Moroccan troops actually got to Cairo, but five others were grounded in Libya because Egypt had not given them clearance to enter Egyptian airspace. More than 100 truckloads of Algerian troops crossed southern Tunisia on the way to the Sinai front, which crumbled long before they arrived. Tunisian troops ready to move for Nasser were never asked for by Cairo.

The Third Temple. Though the destruction of Arab airpower played the largest part in turning the battle, the Arabs' field performance was nothing to write home about. Their Russian-trained officer corps was a disaster; it fought far better with words than with weapons. Of all the Arab troops, only the Jordanians handled themselves ably and well—and paid for it with what Hussein called "tremendous losses" that included as many as 15,000 dead. Lebanon fired not a shot at Israeli ground forces during the entire war; as they manned their border positions, its soldiers played a backgammon-like game called tricktrack and watched the Syrians and Israelis trade shellfire. Breast-beating to the contrary, Syrian ground forces made no significant move to relieve the pressure on Jordan and Egypt. Few Arab pilots had a chance to show their skills; and those that did came out second best. The Israelis shot down 50 Arab fighters while losing only three. Arab field communications were so bad that Egypt was soon reduced to sending messages to its men in Sinai via Radio Cairo. Arab commanders lost two-way contact with whole units.



RABIN (LEFT) & DAYAN (CENTER) AT THE WAILING WALL
The symbol of the nation became the symbol of greatness.

In the last analysis, though, it was the Israeli military virtues of superb tactics and timing, its professionalism in the martial arts, that turned an Arab defeat into a classic rout likely to be studied with admiration at war colleges the world over. Beyond those tangibles there looms the dedication of the Jews, forged in thousands of years of dispersions and persecutions, their inviolable determination to ensure modern Israel's survival as a nation. "Everybody fought for something that is a combination of love, belief and country," said Moshe Dayan at week's end. "If I may say so, we felt we were fighting to prevent the fall of the Third Temple."

THE ARABS

In Disaster's Wake

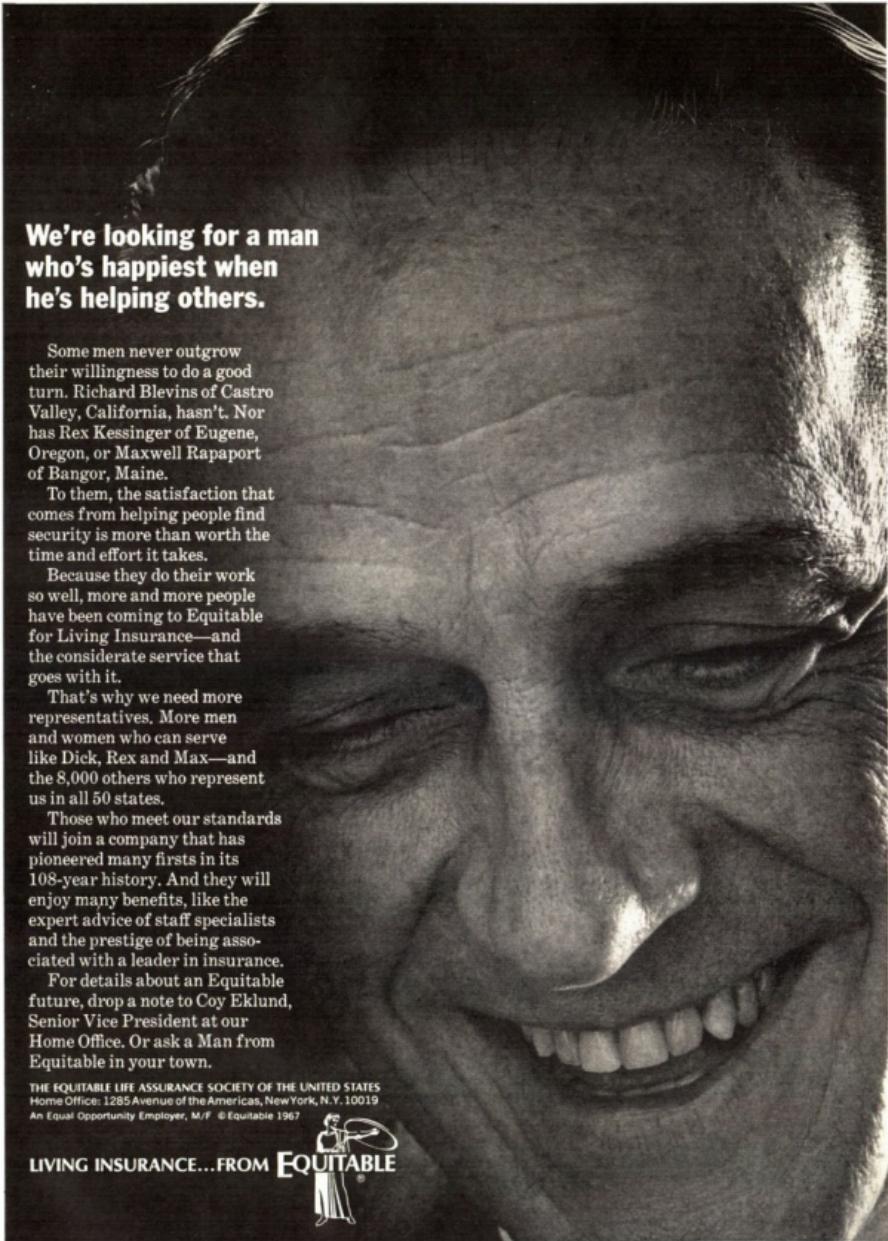
"We cannot hide from ourselves the fact that we have met with a grave setback in the last few days." With that uncharacteristic bit of understatement, Gamal Abdel Nasser began his accounting to Egypt and the Arab world in a radio and television address the day after his cease-fire with Israel. Nasser went on to assert that, of course, Israel alone could never have defeated the united legions of Arabia: the U.S. and Britain must have helped. And then his despairing and disbelieving followers heard Nasser announce his resignation from "every official post and every political role." He was, he said, handing the Egyptian presidency over to Vice President Zakaria Mohieddin.

It was an adroit ploy by the most popular leader in the Arab world, an effort to turn ignominy into personal triumph—and it worked. Angry Algerian street mobs who had been shouting "Lynch Nasser!" suddenly changed their tune. Within 30 minutes Iraqi President Abdel Rahman Aref was on the phone to Cairo urging Nasser to reconsider. Lebanese President Charles Helou wept openly when he heard the news. From Baghdad to Beirut, Arab mobs swept into the streets to demonstrate for Nasser. Often the demonstrations took on an ugly anti-Americanism, as in Beirut, where rioters were so unimaginative as to set fire to a Coca-Cola bottling plant.

Bowing to the People. Cairo itself went half-mad. Sobbing men ran through the streets like children, wailing "Don't leave us, Abdel Nasser." Women flailed about screaming as if in mourning, scooping up dust and throwing it on their heads. By bus and train,



ISRAELIS FIGHTING THROUGH THE OLD CITY'S ST. STEPHEN'S GATE
And the No. 9 bus climbed back to Mount Scopus.



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camel and foot, peasants poured into Cairo, inveighing against the "U.S. imperialists" and pleading "Nasser, stay with us!" If, as some intelligence sources indicate, an incipient military coup was in the works against Nasser, the plotters got the message. So did everybody else. Mohieddin announced that he would refuse to take over. Nasser's Cabinet voted not to accept his resignation; Nasser's rubber-stamp National Assembly did the same. Just as he had probably calculated all along, Nasser was able to "bow to the voice of the people" and keep his job.

Whether King Hussein in Jordan and the Baathist regime in Syria can do as well in the wake of disaster remains to be seen. Hussein, unshaven and haggard in battle dress after three days without sleep, made his own public reckoning. But it was the plain speaking of

SOUTH VIET NAM

Quiet on the Other Front

Even as Viet Nam became known as "that other war" last week, ground action there slackened off notably. U.S. casualties—214 killed and 1,161 wounded—were the lowest in more than a month. What action there was followed familiar scenarios. Near the DMZ, U.S. Marines fought a fierce 51-hour fire fight with North Vietnamese regulars, and U.S. Army troopers fended off Viet Cong mortar attacks on their compounds at Pleiku and Hue.

Buried in the rush of news from the Middle East were reports of the outstanding success of a grab-bag unit of U.S. Army troopers operating under the unusual designation of "Task Force Oregon," after the home state of its commander, Major General William B. Ros-

CHARLES BONNAT—LIFE



NASSER ANNOUNCING "RESIGNATION"

The plain speech of courage v. the play of calculation.

a candid and courageous man. Israel had won "with overwhelming strength," he said, adding, his eyes glistening, "I hope people all over the world will recognize the efforts this country made to defend its soil."

Precise Estimates. Even after the visible debris of war has been cleaned up, the stain left on Arab pride by the furious events of last week may well remain for years. "Our estimates of the enemy's strength were precise," said Nasser in his post-mortem. "They showed us that our armed forces had reached a level of equipment and training at which they were capable of deterring and repelling the enemy." The failure to do just that may sooner or later bring down Arab rulers all over the Middle East, and it will make the Arab dream of unity more ephemeral than ever. Such substance as the dream once had was rooted in common military cause against Israel. Now, even in the often surrealistic logic of Arab leaders, that dream can hardly be evoked seriously for a generation to come.

son, 48. Pieced together six weeks ago, the task force is General Westmoreland's answer to a rapidly deteriorating situation in Quang Ngai, a Communist-infested province in the troublesome I Corps. The four South Vietnamese battalions in Quang Ngai were far too weak to cope with 12,000 local Viet Cong, who had been bolstered by two newly arrived North Vietnamese divisions. The U.S. Marines, who usually policed the province, were rushing to the North to fend off a threatened invasion across the DMZ.

Pile-On Tactic. Lacking a spare division to meet the challenge, General Westmoreland pulled together paratroopers from the 101st Airborne Division, tanks from the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment, riflemen from the 25th Division and the 196th Light Infantry Brigade. Last month the division-strength hybrid moved north into the thickly covered foothills and verdant coastal plain of Quang Ngai.

Almost every place the new outfit went, it found the Viet Cong and North

Vietnamese waiting in ambush or entrenched in deep, multitunneled bunkers. Employing a "pile-on" tactic—to find the enemy and then pile on more men and firepower until Charlie or his Northern neighbors were crushed—Oregon's troopers proved to be bruising hunters. Last week, as elements of the 101st Airborne began a new sweep through central Quang Ngai, the task force had killed 1,520 enemy while suffering only 134 losses itself, for one of the highest kill ratios of the war.

Back to Hanoi. Only in the air were other U.S. forces as busy as the Oregonians. Weather over North Viet Nam was bad, but not bad enough to prevent Navy flyers from the carrier *Constellation* from paying the seventh visit in as many weeks to the North Vietnamese MIG base at Kep, 40 miles northeast of Hanoi; their bombs tore gaping craters in the runway, destroyed one parked MIG, and damaged at least four more. Navy and Air Force pilots also struck at industrial and military targets in North Viet Nam's panhandle. At week's end, U.S. planes returned to Hanoi for the first time in three weeks to bomb near the center of the city; they hit the generating plant that provides the bulk of the capital's electricity. Once again, MIGs last week rose to challenge the U.S. raiders, and in ensuing dogfights, three more were shot down, bringing the toll of downed MIGs to 77. The U.S. lost no planes in air-to-air combat, but North Viet Nam's massive ground fire brought down five.

U.S. military men in Saigon warned that the slight lull in the fighting meant only that the enemy had chosen to take a little time off for resupplying and reorganizing his forces. So far, after every pause, the war has quickly resumed at a more intensified pace.

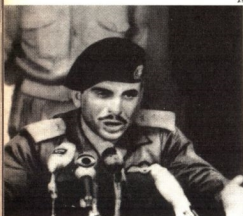
RED CHINA

More Power for the Army

The news that filters out of Red China these days is conflicting, fragmentary and often outrageously exaggerated. But out of all the bits of information last week, one conclusion was unmistakable: the army is being given more and more power. Under the chop mark of Party Chairman Mao Tse-tung, his wife Chiang Ching and other government leaders, a terse command went out to military garrisons across the land telling them to take control of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and restore order.

For the past six months, Mao has tried to run his revolution through a three-way alliance between party members, Red Guards and the army. The result has been a three-way brawl. Now, in what amounts to a coup within a revolution, power has largely passed to the 2.5 million-man army of Vice Premier Lin Biao.

Growing Disorder. Mao seems more worried than ever over the fragmentation of the Cultural Revolution that he



HUSSEIN AT PRESS CONFERENCE



LOCH NESS, dominated by Urquhart Castle. Strategically situated, this castle for centuries controlled the whole upper part of the Great Glen. Less famous than the Loch Ness monster, but more reliable are the nearby distilleries that produce Highland malt whiskies for 100 Pipers Scotch.

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Bottled in Scotland by master

blenders respectful of their craft, 100 Pipers is uniquely easy to like.

If you enjoy a sense of the past and the savor of now, try a bottle of 100 Pipers Scotch by Seagram.

We think you'll find it tastes the way you always hoped Scotch would taste.

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In front of the fountain in front
of your hotel.



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your hotel.



In the room of your hotel.



Around another corner from your hotel.



In the lobby of your hotel.

of your vacation. days too long.

If you're flying somewhere on your vacation, there's a good chance you'll spend the second week of it seeing things that weren't interesting enough to see the first week.

But Hertz can help make the second week of your vacation as good as the first.

The way we'll help is by giving you a car at a special low rate for a week or a weekend.*

For instance, you can have a Ford Galaxie or similar family sedan for seven days for only \$88. This includes insurance, the first tank of gas and 500 miles with no mileage charge.

Which is enough free mileage to get you as far as you'd probably care to go.

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view the famous landmarks of Manhattan. The ones they haven't knocked down yet.

From San Francisco, for a little extra money, you could drive to Los Angeles and see what the rest of the country will look like in ten years. Or go to Las Vegas and lose more than time.

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If you have a plane ticket that will take you to some great vacation spot, you should have a Hertz car that will take you out of that great spot—when the greatness starts wearing off.

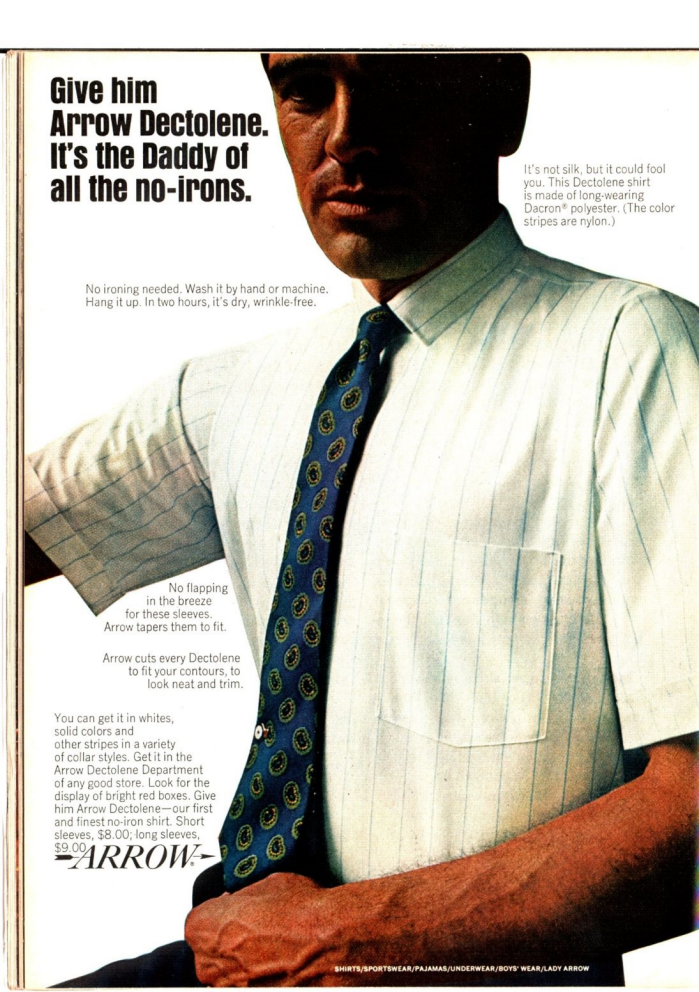
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We rent Fords and other good cars.

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A black and white photograph of a man from the chest up, wearing a white short-sleeved shirt with thin vertical pinstripes and a blue tie with a repeating circular pattern. He is looking slightly to the left. The background is dark.

Give him Arrow Dectolene. It's the Daddy of all the no-irons.

No ironing needed. Wash it by hand or machine.
Hang it up. In two hours, it's dry, wrinkle-free.

It's not silk, but it could fool you. This Dectolene shirt is made of long-wearing Dacron® polyester. (The color stripes are nylon.)

No flapping
in the breeze
for these sleeves.
Arrow tapers them to fit.

Arrow cuts every Dectolene
to fit your contours, to
look neat and trim.

You can get it in whites,
solid colors and
other stripes in a variety
of collar styles. Get it in the
Arrow Dectolene Department
of any good store. Look for the
display of bright red boxes. Give
him Arrow Dectolene—our first
and finest no-iron shirt. Short
sleeves, \$8.00; long sleeves,
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→ARROW←



TROOPS DEMONSTRATING IN FAVOR OF MAO
But how long will the pragmatists support the romantic?

unleashed nine months ago. The Red Guards, who were his first chosen instruments for rooting out his opponents, have become so unruly and fractious that chances are Mao could not rein them in all by himself; in any event, he appears too fearful of a rebuff to try. As for the party, Mao quite openly distrusts it, fearing that the loyalty of many party members still belongs to his archenemy, President Liu Shao-chi. Mao had little choice but to place his bet on the army. Yet there are questions about the army too. It is divided into political factions, and half of its officers have been hauled up before one type of revolutionary committee or another and scolded for not being Red enough. Red Guards in Honan Province last week complained that soldiers stood by while anti-Maoist workers beat them up.

Despite his frenetic witch hunting, Mao has won undisputed control of only four of Red China's 21 provinces, and only two (Peking and Shanghai) of its major cities. Now, since his supporters have begun fighting among themselves, he is unlikely to make much more progress. Peking wall posters last week told of a violent battle between rival Maoist groups in Kunming, the capital of Yunnan province, which borders on North Viet Nam. According to the big character signs, 266 Maoists were killed and 1,000 wounded. Stability in Yunnan is vital to Mao because through it pass the railroad lines that carry supplies to Hanoi.

Uncertain Future. Mao's moves provided new grist for China-watchers from Hong Kong to Harvard. At a Washington meeting of China experts last week, American University's Ralph Powell insisted that much of the trouble stems from Mao's idealistic demand that Red China's leaders should "act like guerril-

la revolutionaries." Said Powell: "Mao is a romantic, and they are a bunch of bureaucrats. They don't want to oppose the old man; they just wish he would go away and leave them alone to run their own provinces." Berkeley's Robert Scalapino thought that "the Maoists, relying on the bulk of the army, will survive this crisis, though it is extremely doubtful that Maoism will survive for the long-range future."

Columbia's A. Doak Barnett argued that the rising influence of the military will make "the future policies of Red China more pragmatic and less ideological." As a result, he said, Red China will not intervene in Viet Nam unless it feels directly menaced by an Allied invasion of North Viet Nam or by provocative violations of its airspace. In all likelihood, he said, Red China's army will now be so occupied with its task of restoring order that it will have little time and little strength left over for other matters.

FRANCE

L'Affaire Est Finie

No sooner had Moroccan Opposition Leader Mehdi ben Barka disappeared during a visit to Paris 20 months ago, than a rumor began to make the rounds that the American C.I.A. was behind the abduction. Even Charles de Gaulle allowed as to how that was probably the case. Then, to the French President's chagrin, it became clear that his own police, acting in cahoots with Moroccan officials and the Parisian underworld, had engineered the whole operation. "A vulgar and minor affair," said De Gaulle in airy dismissal.

Ben Barka would not go away that easily. The French press and public kept it alive with muckraking relish. Eventually the *flics* collared two of their

own vice-squad men, one part-time informer for the French and Moroccan secret services, one ranking French secret-service official, one Moroccan cop and one journalist who was also a police informer. They also implicated four French underworld types they could not lay their hands on and Moroccan Interior Minister Mohamed Oufkir and his deputy, Ahmed Dlimi, who were both safe at home.

During 74 days of hearings and trial sessions, an endless procession of witnesses, ranging from ambassadors to ex-convicts, turned up at the Palais de Justice. Judges and jury were harangued by 15 lawyers and deluged with more than 5,000 documents. Last week the trial finally came to a halt. Only two defendants drew any significant rap: the part-time secret-service agent got eight years in prison; a vice-squad cop six. Oufkir, still safe in Morocco, was sentenced *in absentia* to life imprisonment, as were the four French gangsters who are still on the lam. Colonel Dlimi, who dramatically surrendered to French police during the trial, was acquitted along with the remaining defendants.

All of which cleared the way for a resumption of normal relations between France and Morocco—even though one vital question remained unanswered: What happened to Ben Barka?

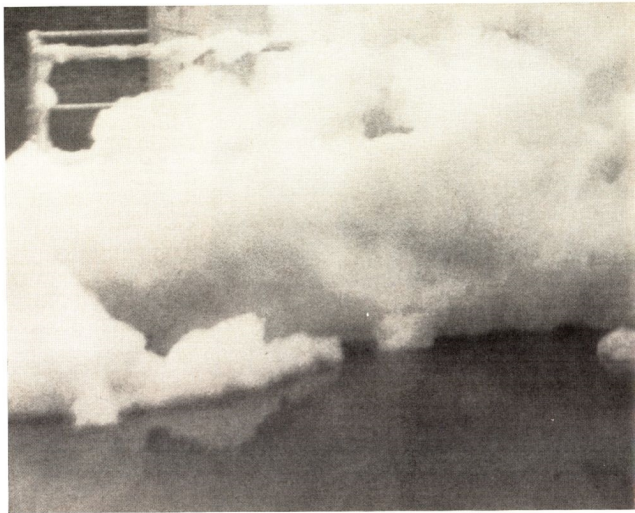
ECUADOR

The Dynamite Man

In the tiny South American republic of Ecuador, Vicente Levi Castillo is the hero of the wealthy taxpayers. A political pal of Ecuadorian President Otto Arosemena, Levi Castillo, 35, is a former Deputy in the Constituent Assembly, which has just completed a new constitution for Ecuador. It was in the process of losing his status as Deputy that he was elevated to the position of hero. Today his popular title is "the Dynamite Man of Ecuador."

Levi Castillo's troubles and his brief triumph began with the Ecuadorian equivalent of the *Tonight* show, a radio program that reported all the sessions of the Assembly in the Congress building high on a hill overlooking the capital city of Quito. One recent evening the program became particularly diverting when shrewd parliamentary maneuvering by one of the Deputies forced a clerk to start broadcasting the names of all the delinquent taxpayers in Ecuador. The poor Indians and mestizos of the countryside, listening on their transistor radios, were delighted at the embarrassment of so many rich merchants. President Arosemena, who was also listening in, realized that the names of many of his supporters would be among those mentioned. He placed an urgent call to his friend Levi Castillo and asked him to stop the reading—by whatever means he could.

A few minutes later, Levi Castillo burst into the Assembly chamber and, as the clerk droned on through the list,



This was once a town's water supply

Reclaimed sewage water. Yellow. Musty. Foamy. That's what the people of Chanute, Kansas, got for five months—whenever they turned on their taps. That's what it took to get them working together to solve their water problem.

The Neosho River, sole source of Chanute's water, ran low almost every summer. But impounding dams were never built; it always rained before the drought became serious.

Until 1952.

Beginning that summer, Chanute suffered a drought that lasted until the spring of 1957!

Restrictive measures grew more and more strict . . . until citizens had to plug their basins while washing instead of letting the water run. Finally, public pressure got a dam built across the Neosho River.

But it was much too late

On the first day of September, 1956, the Neosho stopped flowing. There was no more water to dam up.

Now what? Well water was too hard to use. Hauling water too expensive. Pumping it in not feasible.

So Chanute chose its only alternative. A small earth dam was hastily thrown up to block the city's sewage outlet. For the next five months, reclaimed sewage water flowed again and again throughout the city's taps.

Yet Chanute *still* wasn't saved. The reclamation process that was purifying the water began to break down. If a providential rainstorm hadn't come just in time, Chanute—today—could be a ghost town.

Instead, it's a booming city. For, with the taste of treated sewage fresh in their memories, the people of Chanute made sure such a crisis could never happen



again. Three new dams now guarantee the city a plentiful supply of water. And industry, no longer afraid of drought, has brought 300 new jobs.

But nobody in Chanute need *ever* have tasted sudsy water—if only the townspeople and city officials had worked together to solve the drought problem before a crisis ever occurred.

Are you waiting? Or doing something now?

Most areas of the U. S. today suffer from at least one water problem—or *will very soon*. Remember: by 1980, our nation will need twice the water we're using now.

Find out what can be done—right now—to prevent a water problem from creeping up on your area. For more information, send for the booklet, "It's Time We Face America's Water Problem." Write Dept. T-37, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.



This dam, built after the five-year drought, helps guarantee Chanute a plentiful water supply. It's also the best fishing spot around!

Machines that build for a growing America... **CATERPILLAR**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

laid two sticks of dynamite on his own desk. Then he took out a revolver, which he fired once into the floor to gain attention. Slowly he raised the revolver to hip level, aiming at the dynamite. "Ever since I was a boy," Levi Castillo remembers, "I've had this dream of causing a large crowd to leave a large chamber in a hurry." At last his dream was realized. The Deputies poured out the chamber's four doors like water past a broken dam. The next day the Deputies were too busy voting Levi Castillo's ouster to bother about finishing the reading of the list.

The deposed Dynamite Man was already a hero. And Ecuadorian politics being what they are, he confidently expects to be sent to Congress in the next election in June 1968. After all, he says, he never should have been thrown out of the Assembly. "That wasn't dynamite on the desk," he insists. "It was just two tubes of sand, and I have a police affidavit to prove it."

EAST AFRICA

Uncommon Cry

Jomo Kenyatta wore a pink rosebud in his buttonhole. Julius Nyerere was decked out in a black pajama-style suit, and Milton Obote was all smiles. Standing in the Ugandan Parliament before a carved panel that depicted crested cranes, elephants, antelopes and gazelles, the three men lifted their champagne glasses in a toast that is often heard but all too seldom practiced these days in fractious Africa. "To unity!" cried the Presidents of Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda.

The three leaders had gathered in the Ugandan capital of Kampala to sign a treaty that creates a new East African Community. Though it stops far short

of political unity, the new pact, if it works, will almost inevitably strengthen political ties. When it goes into effect next December, it will create a common market in which the vast bulk of goods produced in any of the three countries will not be subject to tariffs at the borders of the other two. A development bank with \$36 million in capital will also be established to encourage industrialization, especially in Uganda and Tanzania, which trail far behind Kenya's impressive growth. New agencies will also be set up to coordinate scientific, monetary and cultural activities among the three countries.

The East African Community supersedes an earlier, British-established regional customs and transportation union, which never had much effect; all its headquarters were in Kenya, whose citizens held most of the key jobs—a fact that was resented by Ugandans and Tanzanians. Under the new plan, the headquarters of the different agencies will be scattered throughout the three participating countries so that each will feel that it is controlling its fair share of the action.

AUSTRALIA

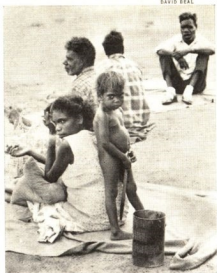
Aboriginal Activity

The way most Australians see it, their only race problems are taken care of by the strict immigration laws that fence the country off from the dark-skinned peoples of Africa and Asia. As for the Australian Aborigines—the dark-skinned people who were already there when the first white men arrived—they have long since been driven deep into the arid outback. Hopelessly backward by the lights of European civilization, they have often been treated not as second-class citizens but as a subhuman species, a kind of ethnological curiosity.

"Dogs, horses, cattle and sheep get counted in the national census," complains Aborigine Leader Charles Dixon, "but not Aborigines." Now redemption of a sort seems close at hand. By a 9-to-1 majority, Australians last month voted two constitutional amendments that would 1) include the Aborigines in the next census, and 2) allow the federal government to spend public funds on Aborigine schools and housing.

Lizards & "Wurleys." The flat-nosed Aborigine, with his receding forehead and his skin burned bluish black by the sun, may be slow to respond to such unaccustomed attention. He is unrelated to any of the world's three major races. Some anthropologists, noting that his skullcap is much thicker and his brain cavity 20% smaller than that of European man, suggest that he is the last survivor of the primordial primates who succeeded Neanderthal man some 20,000 years ago.

Living as a nomadic scavenger in his tribal area, the Aborigine eats lizards, goes naked, sleeps in crude lean-to "wurleys" made of bark. His society is organized into a loose federation of tribal



ABORIGINE FAMILY IN OUTBACK
Paths leading up from the Stone Age.

units and practices a form of basic communism that does not recognize private property. His language, over the centuries, has become divided into more than 500 separate dialects, some of which are among the world's most complex and include as many as four genders of nouns declinable into as many as eight cases (v. six in Latin). He is also the inventor of such simple but effective instruments as the boomerang and the womera, a slinglike device for launching spears.

Queen's English. Recently, however, the Aborigines have been wandering away from their tribes, seeking their place in Australia's urban prosperity. Despite restrictions on their education, many have progressed from pidgin English ("Big teller rain bin come up") to the less colorful but more practical Queen's English ("I think we are in for a heavy downpour"). Several Aborigines are now serving with Australian forces in South Viet Nam. A 15-year-old Aborigine girl, Yvonne Goolgong, is the national junior women's tennis champion. A few, such as Public Health Official Phillip Roberts (known to his tribe as Wadjiri-Wadjiri), even hold government jobs. So far, though, only two have managed to break far enough into the white man's culture to receive college degrees.

Their relatives are becoming impatient for more. Despite last month's constitutional amendments, not a single bill for aid to the Aborigines has yet been proposed by any Member of Parliament, and last week Aborigine leaders began demanding action. According to one story circulating through Sydney, if the government does not quickly propose a specific aid plan, the Aborigines will stage a curiously symbolic demonstration. They will march on the National War Museum in Canberra to demand the return of their collected boomerangs, womerangs and spears.



NYERERE, KENYATTA & OBOTE
"To unity!"

This year give Dad a gift that may save his life.

You probably never thought about giving your father a set of tires for Father's Day.

So maybe it's a good thing we thought of it for you.

Otherwise, you might have ended up getting him a rather ordinary extravagance.

Not that the Uniroyal Master isn't expensive.

It costs \$75 plus your old tire for our 8.25-14 size; \$300 for a set of four.

And our other sizes are priced accordingly.

Which means that it will probably turn out to be the most expensive gift you've ever given him.

But instead of just thinking about the money, think about your father driving down a wet, slippery road.

Think about him picking up a nail somewhere in the middle of nowhere.

Think about him slamming into a pothole he didn't see until it was too late.

And then when you think about the price of our tire, think about it this way.

If it only saves his life once,
it's a bargain.



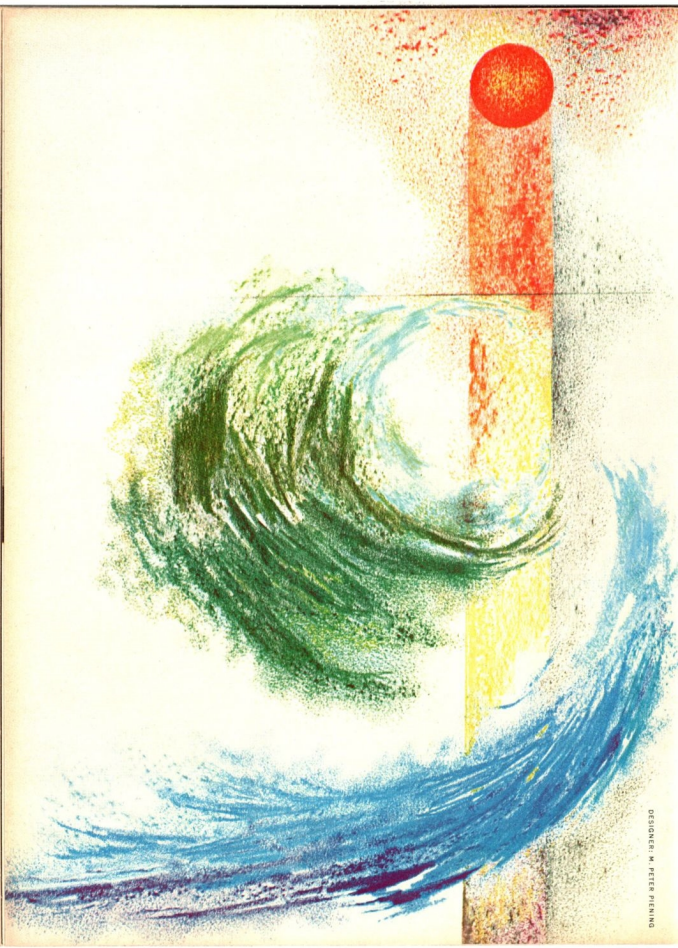
The new worldwide
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THE UNIROYAL MASTER



\$75 Tire
The

Sizes other than 8.25-14 priced accordingly



The Ocean Depths: Solution to Many of Man's Problems

by C. O'D. ISELIN

Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution

Life undoubtedly originated in the sea. And, as population increases, it will become increasingly important in sustaining human life. The oceans exchange energy with the air above in many subtle and interesting ways. As we learn more about them, we should be able to harness their vast potential for our own uses. The expanding population of the world is expending the non-renewable resources of the land at an ever-increasing rate. The biological and chemical resources of the ocean, on the other hand, renew themselves naturally. It is the management of these potential resources that is the challenge of the young science of oceanography. Already oceanography is on the verge of solving at least some of the more immediate problems facing mankind.

Perhaps the first real breakthrough will be tying oceanography and meteorology together in such a way as to provide useful world-wide weather forecasts. Large electronic computers and modern communication systems make such a mating possible. To what benefit? Almost every form of human activity, particularly agriculture, would profit through better and longer range weather predictions.

The next logical step would be actually to manipulate the oceans so as to "make" weather. Hopefully we could even distribute rainfall more evenly or more abundantly on the land. This step alone would relieve the present food shortage in many parts of the world and permit farming over vast land areas now hardly used.

The biological management of the

oceans themselves so as to produce the maximum sustained yield of food presents a more formidable problem, both politically and scientifically. But it is a problem, I believe, that can be solved.

The total yield of the ocean fisheries has been increasing very rapidly, doubling about every ten years. This trend can be expected to continue. Nevertheless, the potential biological yield is very much greater. Traditionally man has taken only a small percent of his diet from the sea. There are a number of reasons for this—simply, in some cases, because people don't like fish—but perhaps the most important is that fish are not easily or cheaply preserved. Chemical engineering has advanced to the point where this no longer need be an obstacle.

Strangely, the efficient management of the natural biological productivity of the sea is more of a political and social problem than a scientific one. There is the distinct possibility of the marine equivalent of agriculture. Yet until now, except for some specialized cases of shellfish production, we almost completely lack practical experience in this field. Especially we lack the equivalent of cheap fencing on land. Even now, however, there has been some experimentation with acoustical fences, and Maine sardine fishermen are using "bubble" fences—simple pipe with holes through which compressed air is forced. Fish are not inclined to pass these bubble fences. Not until such fencing is in universal use will fishermen become farmers.

Politically the barriers to aquaculture are even more formidable. The tradi-

tional lack of ownership of existing or potential resources of the salt water environment impedes practical experimentation. The concept of freedom of the seas, which developed gradually because the waters were considered almost worthless except for transportation and naval warfare, is diametrically opposed to their wise utilization. Even pilot plant operations are not practical under current law or local customs.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that for the most part scientists interested in the oceans have had to limit their efforts to understanding the marine environment rather than turning it to our use. While it cannot be claimed that this has yet been fully achieved, a vast store of mostly unused knowledge has been accumulated.

Very recently agreement has been reached as to the ownership of the sub-bottom resources of the North Sea; similar explorations by commercial companies are beginning in other areas, and there is every hope that similar agreements will be reached. These particular resources, oil and gas, are not renewable. The real challenge for the future is to solve the political as well as scientific problems and tap the many marine resources that cannot be destroyed by man. Solving these problems could well be a key to survival for millions.

C. O'D. Iselin

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A WORLD OF EXPERIENCE IN ALUMINUM



PEOPLE

Bing Crosby and Bob Hope have had one for years, Andy Williams gets his next year, Dean Martin is lined up for 1969, and Frank Sinatra is so anxious to acquire Hollywood's latest status symbol that he doesn't even bat an eye at the \$175,000 price tag. Well what is it, for heaven's sake? Nothing less than their own golf tournament, with the boys and their pals putting up the cash and getting the whole thing named after them. It's all two-bit Nassau, though, compared with what Jackie Gleason, 51, has in mind for 1970: an annual \$500,000 Jackie Gleason Open to be played at his \$15 million Miami "golf stadium," which will have terraced, three-level walkways beside all fairways and greens to accommodate as many as 36,000 spectators on every hole. Winner's purse: \$150,000.

Texas Republican Senator John Tower, 41, is as much at home in a smoke-filled room as any other politician, but this time the predawn billows in his \$42-a-day Sheraton-Dallas Hotel suite were accompanied by a nasty little fire. All but blinded by the smoke, Tower groped his way to the bathroom, wrapped a wet towel around his face and yelled for help. The hotel's soundproofing tabled that motion, so the 5-ft. 51-in. parliamentarian resourcefully slammed the table right through the window and down into the street 26 floors below. Gulping air, the Senator then dashed to the phone to summon firemen, who found him safe but sooty. The \$1,000 blaze was caused, firemen guessed, by a smoldering cigarette—left over from an earlier smoke-filled session between Tower and Texas Republican cronies.

"It's purely a private family ceremony in memory of Her Majesty my mother," the Duke of Windsor, 72, had explained politely to reporters. Yes and no. As 300 Londoners looked on along the Mall outside Marlborough House, Queen Elizabeth pulled a golden tassel



THAILAND'S KING BHUMIBOL PRESENTING GOLD SWORD*
Happy coincidence, with a word about essentials.

drawing back the curtains over a small plaque on the garden wall: "Queen Mary, 1867-1953." Then she stood on the sidewalk for a few moments chatting with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Earl of Harewood. That was all, but it marked the first time that Wallis Warfield Simpson, Duchess of Windsor, 70, had been invited to a royal function in the 30 years since the Duke, as Edward VIII, had abdicated his throne to marry the non-royal divorcee. The ceremony over, the Queen left for the Derby at Epsom, and the Windsors flew home—to Paris.

Arriving in Manhattan to commence a three-week trip through the U.S. and Canada, Thailand's King Bhumibol, 39, and his lustrous Queen Sirikit, 34, paid a first call at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where the museum's trustees and Time Inc. jointly sponsored a reception attended by some 700 members of New York's business, publishing and art communities. By happy coincidence, the museum was exhibiting a 5,000-year panorama of royal *objets d'art* and artifacts

entitled "In the Presence of Kings," to which the young monarch presented an exquisite 18th century gold sword. "The Thai people are a fighting people," said Bhumibol. "We have kept our liberty and independence for hundreds of years. We are not militant. We just have to fight to keep the most essential thing for a man. And that is freedom."

He seemed impervious to the battering and strain of more than seven months alone at sea, but the elements had obviously taken their toll. Less than a week after his triumphant arrival home, Britain's Circumnavigator Sir Francis Chichester, 65, was hurried to Plymouth's Royal Naval Hospital with a hemorrhage of an unsuspected duodenal ulcer. With Sir Francis berthed for as long as a month, this week's two superceremonies—his formal knighting by the Queen with Sir Francis Drake's sword, and his pandemonious reception by the City of London—have been postponed until he is shipshape again.

"There's nothing doing at City Hall anyway," cried New York's Mayor John Lindsay, 45, by way of explaining his presence at opening-day rites of the 14th annual New York-Is-a-Summer-Festival festival. Bubbly high spot of the ceremony was to be the christening of the good ship *Festival Queen*, a commercial sightseeing barge borrowed for the day. On hand to do the honors was Nancy Davison, 24, a somewhat younger, prettier festival queen. She swung the champagne. Bonk! Nothing happened. Thrice more she smote to no avail until the kindly Mayor said, "Give me that please." Whereupon he swung from the toenails, lost his grip, and hurled the champagne into the Hudson River. "Forget it," sighed Lindsay. "At least I hit the ship," said Nancy.

* Looking on (from left): Time Inc. President and Mrs. James A. Linen, Museum Director Thomas P. F. Hoving (rear), Museum President Arthur Houghton Jr., Queen Sirikit.



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Bracelet, about \$1700; earrings, about \$230; brooch, about \$5300; ring, about \$650. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Get a Warrant

In 1959, a Supreme Court majority said yes, householders can be prosecuted for rebuffing a common kind of warrantless search: routine checks by fire, health, housing or other administrative inspectors. Last week the 1959 majority became the minority as six Justices said no, inspectors must get search warrants when Americans balk at letting their homes or businesses be checked. In one case, San Francisco Bookstore Owner Roland Camara had admittedly violated the city housing code by living in the rear of his store. In 1963, Camara was arrested for refusing to let a housing inspector see the premises without a warrant; last week the court barred his prosecution. Also in 1963, Norman See received a suspended \$100 fine for not allowing a Seattle fire inspector to check his locked warehouse for possible violations. In voiding See's conviction, the court applied the warrant rule to private commercial property as well as private dwellings.

Speaking for the court, Justice Byron R. White held that warrants are necessary not only because inspections may result in criminal charges but also because the Fourth Amendment is primarily aimed at securing privacy against "arbitrary invasions by government officials." On the other hand, White was mindful that rigid warrant rules might cripple inspections. He announced a compromise: inspectors need not specify "probable cause" that a particular violation has occurred before they make a search. Instead, warrants for "area inspections" may be issued simply because an area is due for inspection.

Speaking for three alarmed dissenters, Justice Tom Clark denounced the

compromise on grounds that it weakens probable-cause standards and "degrades" the Fourth Amendment. Calling the decision an "absurdity," Clark envisioned magistrates rubber-stamping thousands of "area" warrants, deluging inspectors in paperwork—and allowing unscrupulous slumlords to delay repairs. Clark accused the court of "striking down hundreds of city ordinances throughout the country and jeopardizing thereby the health, welfare and safety of literally millions of people."

Discounting any such disaster, Justice White pointed out that warrantless searches will still be permitted in emergencies, such as the control of fire or disease, and that red tape may be slight because "most citizens allow inspections of their property without a warrant." As White sees it, the effect will be far more constitutional than chaotic.

TRIALS

"I Never Hit Nobody"

In Mississippi, evidence does not always equal conviction, especially in civil rights cases. Still, acquittal seemed unlikely last week for eight white men on trial in U.S. District Judge Claude Clayton's court in Oxford. The cause of it all was a wild white mob that undeniably tried to halt school integration in Grenada last fall by flailing Negro schoolchildren with fists, feet, clubs and chains. According to the U.S. prosecutor, the defendants, including a justice of the peace, were part of that mob—and he had 25 witnesses to prove it.

For two days, the witnesses described acts of violence committed by the defendants, who faced maximum one-year federal sentences and \$1,000 fines for violating the victims' civil rights. James Conley, 17, testified that

Duke Reynolds had cried, "Nigger, move," that he had moved, and that Reynolds then clubbed him with a stick. Felix Freelon, father of two Negro schoolchildren, said that William Bryant Flanagan had hit him with a blackjack. According to Charles Alexander, 17, Justice of the Peace James R. Ayers had threatened him with a pistol. And Emerald Cunningham, 11, a polio victim who could not run, added that Ayers had chased her, grabbed her dress, pulled her down, kicked her, put a pistol to her head, and warned: "If you bring your black ass back to the white school, I'll blow your brains out."

Character Witnesses. The star prosecution witness was one of the defendants' peers, Grenada Police Captain W. C. Turner, who described how Archie Larry Campbell and Donald Wayne Bain attacked a Negro boy walking to school. "As he approached the library," said Turner, "Mr. Campbell walked across the street and hit him with something. I don't know what it was. Then the boy was laying on the sidewalk. Mr. Bain was kicking him in the face. He was bleeding about the nose and mouth." Turner said that he also saw Jerome Shaw smash the windows of a car with a pick handle, recounted other scenes of men gone berserk.

It was not enough. The experienced defense lawyer was Hugh Cunningham, law partner of ex-Governor Ross Barnett and high among those who sprang Byron De La Beckwith, the accused killer of N.A.A.C.P. Leader Medgar Evers. Under Cunningham's skilled guidance, one by one the eight defendants told the all-white jury that either they were somewhere else during the riot or, if they were present, "I never hit nobody." A parade of character witnesses, including a local judge, warmly vouched for the defendants' reputations for truth. Lawyer Cunningham then attacked Police Captain Turner's credibility by producing other character witnesses who declared that Turner's reputation for truth was "no good."

That was enough. Judge Clayton urged the jurors to reach a decision "based on the evidence without bias," and the jurors deliberated for 3½ hours. Then in came the verdict: not guilty. The defendants rushed up with handshakes for the jurors; the jurors beamed congratulations. The Government cannot appeal.

The Chair, Maybe

► In Peoria, Ill., last week, Judge Herbert C. Paschen quietly sentenced Richard Speck to death for killing eight student nurses in Chicago last summer. Even so, the 25-year-old itinerant seaman will almost certainly manage to postpone his date with the electric chair Sept. 1. Unlike most states, Illinois provides both mandatory review and possible reduction of sentence in all capital cases. One potential appeal: Speck was not fully responsible because he had a history of mental illness and was drunk or drugged at the time of the murders.



VIOLENCE VICTIM IN GRENADA
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ARCHITECT HAUSERMANN'S FIRST OVAL

Womb with a view.



INSIDE, WITH WIFE CLAUDE

MODERN LIVING

BUILDING

The Eggs Are Coming

Perched high on a hill over Switzerland's Lake Geneva is one of the world's strangest-looking abodes, a concrete egg with a huge bay window that often reminds visitors of a flying saucer, a giant clam or a monstrous white mushroom. There are more houses like it in Pougny, on the French side of the French-Swiss border; near Grenoble there is a similarly constructed new restaurant, and soon there will be a hotel, a psychiatric clinic and a church, all in France, plus a gas station in Belgium and a resort hotel on Minorca—every one built along egg-shaped lines.

The eggs are all coming from the drawing board of Pascal Häusermann, 30, a Swiss architect for whom the laying of ovals is not a stunt but just plain sense. For one thing, egg shapes distribute stresses equally, which means that the chicken-wire forms can be covered by a shell of concrete as thin as two inches. For another, the construction is so simple that a Häusermann house can be completed in two months, cost as little as \$12,000. Most important, perhaps, is Häusermann's conviction that "the mistake of modern architects is that they think man needs big, open spaces. This is false. Man has an innate need for intimacy, with the possibility of contemplating grandeur at will." Hence the eggs with their womb-like rooms with a view.

Out of the Snake House. Häusermann, who grew up in one of Le Corbusier's concrete apartment houses in Geneva ("It leaked, but we loved it"), became fascinated with egg-shaped structures while studying architecture in London, where he came in contact with the stability studies of Structural Engineer Niels Lisborg. Häusermann's first egg-shaped project was for a zoo snake

house, which, though never built, won him top architectural grades. In 1960, he actually built his first egg house for his parents. "Father thought the inside might be too small," he recalls, "so we simply squashed the iron mesh frame down and out a bit."

Pouring the concrete on the mesh frame was so simple and easy that Häusermann needed the help of only two people to finish the house. The top shell is set on the bottom half on ball sockets, and the whole egg is girded round with a reinforced encircling belt. Leakage was a problem until he discovered a putty-like weatherproof paint which formed the perfect seal.

Covering the Planet. Next came what Häusermann and his French architect wife call their "amusement period." Moving into a 32-room, 10th century castle outside Geneva, he experimented briefly with a flying saucer (it rose two feet off the ground before the propeller tore into a wall) and egg houses in plastic (little marvels that could sell for \$1,500 that he calls "the perfect solution for weekends and vacations"). But Häusermann's parents' house proved such a conversation piece locally that he was soon inundated with orders for more, including seven concrete egg houses and a model home commissioned by the French woman's magazine, *Marie-Claire*, for the current six-month-long exposition in Orléans.

Häusermann sees no reason why his egg houses need nest in solitary splendor on the beach or perch on the edge of cliffs. For Paris he is just finishing an athletic club unlike anything ever seen before. On Spain's Costa Brava he is designing a whole resort town that will grow out of the rocks like a bulbous cactus. These days, Häusermann likes to recall that when he presented as a student project three great pyramidal structures honeycombed with indi-

vidual oval living units, his professors objected that "Pretty soon the planet will be covered with nothing but balls." The way things are going for Häusermann right now, he is likely to stay inside his concrete shells until his student vision becomes a reality.

RECREATION

Cryogenic Scuba

The big limitation for scuba divers is not how deep they can go but how long they can stay under. Conventional compressed-air breathing units, which weigh 36 lbs., are generally exhausted after one hour. Soon, according to this month's *Skin Diver* magazine, aquanauts will be able to submerge for six or even eight hours at a time with a back pack that weighs only half as much as usual.

The secret is liquid air—a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen supercooled to -318°F . It is pumped into vacuum-insulated Dewar tanks, sophisticated thermos bottles that protect the icy liquid from the warmth of the surrounding water and at the same time keep the diver's back and shoulders from freezing. From the tanks, the liquid air is piped through warming coils that heat it until it expands into breathable gas. Only hazard: since liquid air allows the diver to stay under far longer, he must surface slowly, in stages, to avoid the bends.

The breathing system is called cryogenic scuba, for the science of supercooling, which has been used to fuel spacecraft with liquid oxygen and, in medicine, to freeze everything from ulcers and tumors to tonsils and cataracts. The new scuba rig was pioneered by Jim Woodberry, 23, a Miami diver who has successfully tested a prototype for a total of 400 hours at depths up to 200 ft. He plans to have it on the market before year's end. Anticipated price: \$250 to \$300 for the apparatus, plus \$3.50 for each refill of liquid air.

SKIN DIVER MAGAZINE



WOODBERRY WITH LIQUID-AIR RIG
The secret is in the cool.

SELENOLOGY

Around the Lunar Edge

"This is the most spectacular find of the Lunar Orbiter program," said Geologist John McCauley of the U.S. Geological Survey. "If it were fully visible on the side of the moon facing the earth," said University of Arizona Astronomer Gerard Kuiper, "a whole mythology would have been built up about it." Both scientists were referring to the Orientale Basin, which is located on the extreme western edge of the visible face of the moon and affords only a meager side view to earthbound astronomers. Photographed head-on for the first time by NASA's Orbiter 4, it bears a surprising resemblance to a giant bull's-eye, fully 600 miles in diameter.

Clearly visible in the Orbiter picture are the Cordillera Mountains, which are 20,000 ft. high and completely ring the basin. Within them, scientists can pick out as many as six additional concentric rings of smaller mountains, separated by relatively flat plains that are partially filled with darker material. Giant cracks radiate from the edge of the bull's-eye; the lunar surface for another 600 miles beyond is littered by coarse debris that was obviously hurled from the basin with tremendous force.

Crust over Lava. Geologist McCauley believes that Orientale was formed by the impact on the moon of a meteorite or a comet between 30 and 60 miles in diameter. Because more of the collision debris lies to the west of the crater, McCauley speculates that the intruder approached the moon from the

east, overtaking it in its orbit around the earth and plowing into the lunar surface in a "trailing impact." He also suggests that Orientale is the youngest of the large lunar basins—only about 500 million years old—because it has relatively few small craters superimposed on it and is only partially filled with the dark volcanic material that covers the bottoms of older basins.

To Astronomer Kuiper, the mountain ranges seem much like the concentric ridges that would be formed if a boulder crashed into a layer of ice over water. The dark material is similar to the water that would ooze into the valleys between the ridges. This similarity reinforces his belief that Orientale was formed when there was a relatively thin lunar crust over a molten-lava interior—possibly 4.5 billion years ago. It was around this time, he believes, that the moon swept its path clear of large chunks of moonlike material that also circled the earth in the lunar orbit. Most of the basins were formed, Kuiper suggests, when these sub-satellites crashed into the lunar surface.

The remarkable picture of the Orientale Basin was one of the last shots taken by Orbiter 4, which returned telephone pictures of 99% of the front face of the moon and increased the portion of the lunar backside photographed by all of the Orbiters to nearly 75%. Although its photographic mission has been completed, Orbiter 4 still has contributions to make. NASA scientists last week fired its velocity-control engine to drop the spacecraft into a lower lunar orbit in which it will be painstakingly tracked in an experiment to learn more about the moon's gravity.

SYSTEMS ENGINEERING

Avoiding an Asteroid

At 12:26 p.m. on June 19, 1968 the asteroid Icarus, which is nearly a mile in diameter, will crash into the mid-Atlantic, 2,000 miles east of Florida. Its impact—the equivalent of a 500,000-megaton bomb blast—will splash out some 1,000 cubic miles of sea water and form a crater 15 miles across in the ocean floor. Tidal waves 100 ft. high will sweep across coastal cities on both sides of the ocean, and earthquakes 100 times worse than any ever recorded will be felt all over the world. Clearly, Icarus must be stopped. No expense will be spared, and the only limitation is time. The program must use existent space technology and hardware, and it must succeed.

This chilling pronouncement was delivered by Massachusetts Institute of Technology Professor Paul Sandorff, who presented it last winter as a hypothetical problem to be solved by his class in advanced systems engineering. After 15 weeks of frantic planning, Sandorff's 21 senior and graduate engineering students worked out a complex

scheme that they—and their instructor—believe would save the world from collision with an onrushing asteroid.

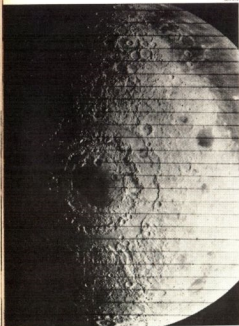
Collision Course. Icarus itself is quite real. Unlike most asteroids, which circle the sun in planetlike orbits between Mars and Jupiter, Icarus has a highly elliptical orbit. Like its mythological namesake, it swoops closer to the sun (only 17 million miles away) than any other planetary body of the solar system, and recedes as far away as 183 million miles, beyond the orbit of Mars. In its journey, it moves close to the earth's orbital path every 13 months and narrowly—by astronomical standards—misses the earth once every 19 years. Astronomers have charted its current orbit precisely, and predict that it will pass within 4,000,000 miles of the earth in June 1968. But they also know that the gravitational pull of the earth and other planets will gradually change the asteroid's orbit and could some day place it on a collision course with the earth.

Assuming that such a disaster was nearly upon them, the M.I.T. students organized themselves into seven specialized groups to study the trajectories necessary to intercept Icarus, the space hardware and communications equipment that was available or could be quickly produced, and the effects of nuclear explosions. They consulted with leading physicists, used M.I.T. computers, and determined whether Cape Kennedy's launch-pad capacity could be expanded in time. The groups then coordinated their findings and, using systems engineering, devised a master plan to meet the threat of Icarus.

100 Ft. Away. To save the earth, they decided, it would be necessary to launch a salvo of hydrogen bombs into the asteroid's path. To loft the warheads, the U.S. could rush to completion five Saturn 5 Apollo rockets now under construction and build four more from scratch. A second Saturn launch pad now under construction at Cape Kennedy should be completed, and a third could be built. The Atomic Energy Commission would be requested to assemble six 100-megaton H-bomb warheads, the minimum size necessary to attack Icarus effectively.

On April 7, 1968, after three shots to test the performance of the bomb-carrying spacecraft, crews would launch the first vehicle toward Icarus, still 100 million miles away. Guided by radar signals bounced off the asteroid from earth and picked up by on-board receivers, the warhead would approach the asteroid on June 6, pass to one side, and explode only 100 ft. away. If all went well, the blast would deflect Icarus enough to make it miss the earth or would perhaps disintegrate it.

Should the first shot miss its mark or otherwise fail, the five remaining missiles, launched two weeks apart, would provide insurance. If an early shot broke the asteroid into pieces still large enough to menace the earth, for example, later vehicles could be used to pulverize them. The final shot, if needed, would be



BULL'S-EYE ON THE MOON
With rings up to 20,000 ft.

CULVER PICTURES



ICARUS FALLING (BY PICART, 1731)
Near myth.

launched on June 14 and would intercept Icarus just 1,200,000 miles away, barely 18 hours before its rendezvous with the earth.

Sandorff, whose students in past semesters have devised ingenious space rescue vehicles (TIME, March 10), manned space probes and satellites, designed his course to give M.I.T. students experience in meeting overall problems in systems engineering. The Icarus solution, he believes, is entirely practical, and would have a better than 90% chance of success.

PALEONTOLOGY

World's First Tall Tree

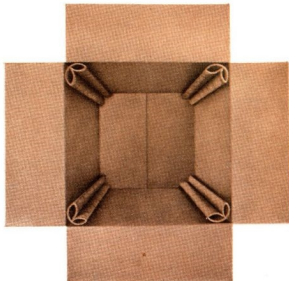
Swedish Explorer Johan Gunnar Andersson discovered several of its fossilized branches on Norway's Bear Island in 1899. Remnants of its fanlike leaves have since been found in Alaska. But it remained for Bonn University Paleobotanist Hans-Joachim Schweitzer to determine that an ancient plant called *Pseudobornia ursina* was actually a tree that grew as high as 65 ft.—50 million years earlier than other trees of comparable height are known to have appeared.

* On a recent expedition to Bear Island, Schweitzer reports in the current issue of the German journal *Umschau*, he unearthed the first portion of *Pseudobornia* trunk ever found, a 33-ft. fossilized section composed of bamboo-like segments. It was lodged at the base of a cliff in an Upper Devonian Period stratum some 300 million years old. How it got there is a mystery that Schweitzer hopes to solve on a future expedition, when he will search for *Pseudobornia*'s still-unknown ancestors. "With such a tremendous stature," he says, "it could not have sprung full-blown from the earth."

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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

A Punt on the Five-Yard Line

Since organizing the Roman Catholic parish of St. Paul the Apostle in Richardson, Texas, eleven years ago, a team of four Paulist priests has created ecumenical good will in an area of traditional Catholic-Protestant coolness. The priests fostered a ministerial alliance in Richardson that even included Southern Baptists and Nazarenes, helped set up interdenominational Thanksgiving and Good Friday services. Last year one member of the quartet, the Rev. Joseph W. Drew, 34, became the first Catholic ever elected president of the

Gorman, he "reluctantly" decided to relieve the Paulists of their duties.

Rally v. Refusal. The firing touched off widespread demands that the four Paulists be allowed to stay on the job. More than 1,000 parishioners of St. Paul's turned out at a rally supporting the priests, and 90% of the parish members signed a petition asking that they be reinstated. Mindful of the Paulists' ecumenical pioneering, a number of Protestant ministers wrote to the bishop asking him to reverse the decision. "What Bishop Gorman has done," said the Rev. Robert Matheny of Richardson's First Christian Church, "is like a football team that has driven all the way down the field, has a first down and goal to go on the five-yard line, and punts." The Paulists' superior general, the Very Rev. John F. Fitzgerald, called the bishop's explanation "not sufficient for such a drastic action."

Since the Paulists' ouster, delegations from their parish have met twice with the bishop, who refuses to reverse the decision. What most disturbs supporters of the four priests is their conviction that Gorman's explanation, whether justified or not, skirts another reason for the firing: the interfaith popularity of the Paulists had proved too much for the 75-year-old bishop and other ardent Romanists in his diocese.



ST. PAUL'S PAULISTS*
Pulling back the pioneers.

Dallas Pastors' Association, most of whose members are Protestant. Father Drew recently became the first Catholic to receive a master's degree from the Methodists' Perkins School of Theology in Dallas.

Since the Paulists had been acting all along with the approval of Roman Catholic Bishop Thomas K. Gorman of Dallas-Fort Worth, there was considerable shock in local church circles last month when he abruptly fired them from his diocese. The reason, the bishop explained, was that, for all their parish achievements, the four priests had neglected another responsibility required by the contract between the Paulist order and the diocese—serving the Catholic student-center Newman Clubs at local colleges. Because "one project after another had been abandoned, basically for lack of financial support," said

tist missionary in Djakarta: "When Communism failed in its promise to provide these people with an inner conviction, they switched to Christianity." Less sanguine, some church leaders suspect that all too many of the converts have switched less out of faith than fear; public opinion still links atheism with membership in the banned, decimated Indonesian Communist Party.

For the most part, though, missionaries are accepting the conversions as a genuine response to the message of Christ. The Rev. Addison J. Eastman, mission director of the National Council of Churches' Asia department, believes that many of the converts are inspired by "a personal faith, and real hope that the Christian church can provide a base from which to work for humane social progress."

ECUMENISM

An Episcopalian for the Pope

When San Francisco-area Episcopalian chose the Right Rev. C. Kilmer Myers as Bishop of California last September, there was some hope that he might prove a little less of a headline-maker than his resigning predecessor, James A. Pike. No such luck. Soon after he was elected bishop, Myers denounced the Episcopal Church for being guilty of "the heresy of racism." A fervent Viet Nam dove, Myers later attacked Francis Cardinal Spellman's statements supporting the war as "out-rageous," and piously implored: "May God and Pope Paul forgive him." Last week Myers suggested that all of Christianity should accept the Pope as its "spiritual leader."

Preaching at San Francisco's Grace Cathedral, Myers argued that the size and the scope of the problems facing Christianity made it imperative for the church to unite under a single authoritative spokesman. "We need the Pope," he said, "because in this perilous age we need one symbolically potent bishop to give expression to the word of the Lord for our day." Myers further argued that there can be no successful reunion of Christianity without the Pope as its visible center. He suggested that Protestants should leave such doctrinal problems as papal infallibility for the theologians to resolve.

Myers' proposal was greeted warmly by San Francisco's Roman Catholic Archbishop Joseph McGucken. "Do you want me to register a look of pleasant surprise?" he smilingly asked a press conference. Some Protestants and other Episcopalian were not so enthusiastic. Michigan's Episcopal Bishop Richard Emrich, a convinced ecumenist himself, warned that "one of the great facts of the world is not that you desire unity but that there are real differences of belief." One such difference was pointed out by the Rev. Carl Howie of San Francisco's Calvary Presbyterian Church: "In a large segment of the Christian Church, we consider Jesus Christ the chief pastor."

MISSIONS

Conversion in Indonesia

During the long, unhappy dictatorship of Sukarno, Christian missionaries in Indonesia were plagued by Communist troublemakers and Moslem terrorists, and subjected to periodic harassment by a capricious government. Today, the predominantly Moslem nation—in which Christians number less than 10% of the 110 million population—is the scene of an explosive evangelical revival that the U.S. journal *Presbyterian Life* calls "one of the largest movements toward Christianity in modern decades." In the 20 months since the anti-Communist revolution, Roman Catholic and Protestant churches have won an estimated 250,000 converts.

In East and Central Java alone, 65,000 persons have been converted. In the Karoland region of North Sumatra, 16,000 have joined Christian churches. Thirty new congregations with a membership of 5,000 have been founded in one section of West Borneo. In Djakarta, 50 new Bible-study groups have sprung up—and so great is the demand for Bibles that a shortage has developed. The U.S. National Council of Churches has launched a drive for \$300,000 to help Indonesian Protestants assimilate their new members.

Many converts are disillusioned ex-followers of Communism, and the highest conversion rates occur in areas that, before Sukarno's downfall, were most heavily infested with Reds. Says a Bap-

* Fathers John McNassar, Joseph W. Drew, Harold J. Powers and William J. Dougherty.



This Douglas Super 61 is the world's biggest jet. But size isn't everything.

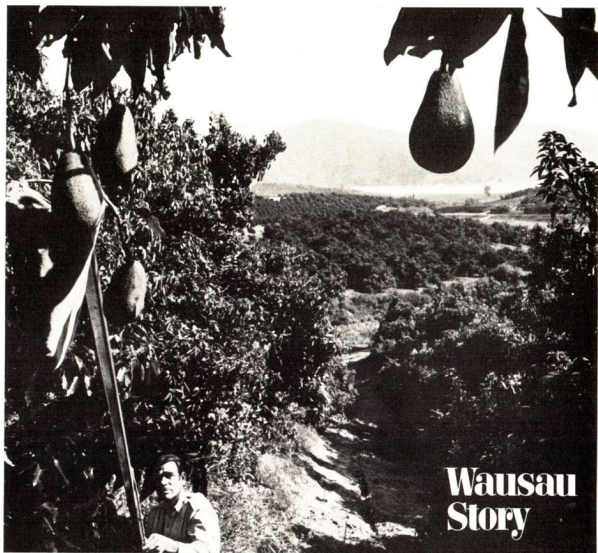
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THE THEATER

Regional Crucible

With the start of its fifth season at the Tyrone Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis, the Minnesota Theater Company represents a kind of crucible for the bubbling promises, heady aspirations and worrisome perils of most U.S. regional theaters. The program consists of a new play (*Harpers Ferry*), a classic (*The Shoemaker's Holiday*), and a minor work of a major playwright (Jean Anouilh's *Thieves' Carnival*). Each in its own way serves to illustrate the hopes, habits and problems that animate and afflict regional theaters.

Regional theaters would like to put on new plays, and the Minneapolis pro-

regional theater is its revival of neglected classics. The passage of centuries frequently reduces such plays to the bleached bones of greatness, and it takes supremely gifted actors and directors to restore the living flesh. Thomas Dekker's *The Shoemaker's Holiday* is a 1599 plotboiler—and about as brimming with life as a 368th class reunion. To give the text a tonic lift, Director Douglas Campbell relies mostly on the broad by-play of slapped buttocks, knowing winks and donkey laughs—not exactly the elixir of dramatic life.

The hero of the play, Simon Eyre, is a shoemaker who climbs with casual assurance to the post of sheriff and then becomes lord mayor of London. Eyre is a kind of workingman's Falstaff with some of Sir John's gusto but none of his wit. Campbell plays the part as if he were clowning in an alehouse and bellows his lines like an order for more drink. The production fails to impose a tonal unity on the play: it wobbles incessantly between Elizabethan local color, carnival gaiety, and caustic social comment. Every ten minutes or so, the company buffets the ear with song to vary baffling it with speech.

Stalking in a Villa. For a novelty or a challenge, regional theater loves to pull out a play from a playwright's next-to-bottom drawer, and often it gets stuck. Jean Anouilh was 22 when he wrote *Thieves' Carnival* in 1932, and appears to have apprenticed himself simultaneously to Noel Coward and the Marx Brothers. The play somehow lacks both the polish of high comedy and the absolute zaniness of low farce. Though fashioned out of whole froth, the play's manner must be stylized; the chief difficulty, in or out of Minneapolis, is that the U.S. actor, unlike his British counterpart, does not yet know how not to be natural.

Three partners in crime, disguised as two ruined Spanish noblemen and their ecclesiastical secretary, insinuate themselves into a palatial villa in Vichy. Also on the premises are a father-and-son fortune-hunting team busy stalking the two wealthy nieces of Lady Hurf. Eva, the disillusioned elder niece, runs through lovers like stockings; her younger sister Juliette—the only innocent of the play—believes in love as a morning glory trusts the sun.

Bits of funny business raise ripples of laughter that never quite swell into waves. One of the thieves is so beside himself with love for Juliette that he begins stuffing his swag bag with old magazines, ash trays and scatter rugs instead of diamonds and pearls. The later Anouilh would have leavened this charade with deft ironic epigrams about the aimlessness and cynicism of life. The best that *Thieves' Carnival* produces are lines like "If your lovers bore you, marry one of them. That will give the others an added fascination."

duction of *Harpers Ferry* is the premiere performance of the Barrie Stavis drama. While his intent is admirable, the aridity of the script testifies to the dearth of U.S. playwrighting talent. In its tiny way, *Harpers Ferry* is as disastrous as John Brown's raid. Stavis has submitted a series of affidavits rather than a drama, as the characters continually testify to action that is happening offstage rather than on.

Mouthfuls of Wind. Starting from the agreed-upon historic evil of slavery, Playwright Stavis cannot hope to stir up much dramatic conflict. He is forced to fall back on an *ex post facto* irony supplied by history—namely, that John Brown's misguided zeal helped to spark the holocaust of Civil War. Mouthfuls of windy rhetoric scarcely help, nor does the direction of Tyrone Guthrie, who has sculpted his actors in bas-reliefs as stonily static as the play.

The pride, but seldom the joy, of the



SCENE FROM "THIEVES' CARNIVAL"
Affidavits in bas-relief.

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MEDICINE

PATHOLOGY

What Causes Inflammation

And Why It Occurs

Surely, inflammation is half a billion years old, since even the lowly starfish may experience it. Virtually every human being who ever lived has suffered from it, perhaps dozens or hundreds of times. But why? And what is it? Pathology textbooks take refuge in rolling Latin, describing inflammation by its signs: *rubor, calor, tumor, dolor* (redness, heat, swelling, pain). It is the reaction of a part or all of the body to injury. In its later stages it includes the processes needed to repair the injury.

Clearly, such a universal phenomenon should have commanded intensive re-

search. The injury may be a stabbing or abrasive wound, a burn, or invasion by infectious microbes. Even a sterile, uninfected wound summons inflammation to its aid. Since nature cannot construct individual defenses against an infinite variety of attacks from innumerable sources, said the Upjohn Co.'s Dr. E. Myles Glenn, it mobilizes everything at hand—the immune and clotting mechanisms, the blood-forming and lymph systems, the liver, and many others. Sometimes it overreacts to the injury; sometimes it damages the very system it is seeking to defend, as in autoimmune diseases.

"We visualize the overall inflammatory process," said Dr. Glenn, "as a wave or chain of cellular destruction." The first result of injury is to cut cells open,

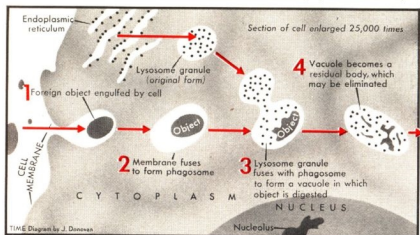
analysts that mediate reactions between other body substances and, in some cases, destroy them. Perhaps the most potent are the acid hydrolases, some of which dissolve proteins and nucleic acids. Where they were kept was a mystery until 1955, when Dr. Christian de Duve at the Catholic University of Louvain deduced from their behavior that they must be stored in some particles inside the cells. Though nobody had yet seen the particles, he named them lysosomes (dissolving bodies).*

Electron microscopists have since photographed lysosomes, and Dr. de Duve, now at Rockefeller University, has figured out some of the ways they work (see diagram). In a typical case, a foreign particle (it may be a virus, a bacterium or a chemical) reaches the side of a cell and is sucked in, sealed off by a piece of the cell's own membrane. Standing by inside the cell is a lysosome, packed with enzymes. Lysosome and invader, now packaged in a phagosome, are drawn together and fuse. In the resulting sac, called a vacuole, the foreign substance is digested.

Usually, that is good; the harmless debris may be either left in the cell or expelled from it. But in the case of some viruses, the effect may be to bare the virus particle's nucleic acid and leave it free to infect the cell. Moreover, as New York University's Dr. Gerald Weissmann reported in Michigan, some virus particles can survive a spell in a digestive sac, and emerge from it with their infective powers intact. By another mechanism, lysosomes can be directly harmful; they may, for reasons not yet guessed at, attack part of their own cell's natural contents, and destroy it.

Clots & Aspirin. What makes lysosomes and their enzymes so important in the study and treatment of disease is their major role in cases where the inflammatory process overshoots. The overshooting has long been clear in the case of extensive burns, when the body builds too much scar tissue, and in rheumatoid arthritis, when the inflammation becomes recurrent and does permanent, crippling damage. Reports at Brook Lodge also implicated an overzealous inflammatory reaction in some kidney diseases, and made it a suspect in two still commoner diseases, diabetes and even atherosclerosis.

Moreover, Dr. James F. Mustard of Hamilton, Ont., asked for a new look at the phenomenon of clotting inside blood vessels, including coronary arteries. In the past ten years, he said, it has been shown that formation of a thrombus that will plug an artery is a complex process following an inflammatory reaction and involving an aggregation of platelets, the smallest solid elements in the blood. It may be possible, he suggested, to use anti-inflammatory drugs to control or prevent some kinds of thrombus formation. But by the same token, it may be unwise to give such



HUMAN CELL'S REACTION TO INVASION BY A FOREIGN OBJECT

search attention. In fact it has not, and until recently there has been so little research that 90% or more of today's knowledge about inflammation has been gained in the past ten years. Not until a fortnight ago did the International Inflammation Club convene its first symposium. The club is an amorphous group with no officers or formal organization. Conceived by Biochemist John C. Houck of Children's Hospital in Washington, D.C., it drew together 80 researchers as guests of the Upjohn Co. at Brook Lodge in Michigan.

Total Mobilization. Some of them had interests so specialized that even other scientists could not understand their presentations. Houck had expected this. He had wanted the meeting to build bridges of communication between men who had never heard of one another's work, and that it did. And the scientists concurred on some basic aspects of the subject that will be important in the treatment of patients—some, admittedly, in the distant future, but others perhaps immediately.

Inflammation, all agreed, is one of nature's most basic defenses against injury. As such, Dr. Houck pointed out, it has to be enormously versatile because

in the case of a stab wound or burn, or to weaken their membranes, in the case of many infections or poisoning by plants or animals. Either way, powerful chemicals that had been locked inside the cells, some in leak-proof packages, spill out.

They start a chain reaction by breaking down other parts of the damaged cells and releasing more active substances, such as histamine. At first these constrict the blood vessels, to minimize bleeding, and initiate the clotting process. But they damage the vessels' walls, causing dilation and *rubor*, and letting out white cells and antibody proteins. Fluid oozes from blood vessels into the tissues, causing *tumor* and *dolor*. Biochemical signals sent through the blood and lymph systems call for the production of more infection-fighting white cells and antibodies. If the threat has been great enough, the inflammation suffuses the whole body, creating a generalized *calor*—fever. In its final stages, inflammation stimulates the production of new capillaries and connective-tissue cells, and scar formation.

Sucked In, Sealed Off. Especially important among the cells' inflammatory chemicals are enzymes, the organic cat-

* Not to be confused with lysozyme, an enzyme found in egg white and tears.

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drugs—even aspirin—to a patient taking anticoagulants, since they may depress the coagulability too far, and lead to dangerous bleeding.

Inflamed Red. That opened up the whole question of anti-inflammatory drugs, how they work and which are best. How they work on some cells at some times seems clear: the cortisone group of hormones strengthens the lysosome membrane, making it less likely to spill out its enzymes. But the field is booby-trapped with paradoxes. If a rat is given a local injection of histamine, a notorious cause of inflammation, it has a strong reaction. But if the rat first gets a histamine shot into its abdominal cavity, said Dr. Glenn, a later local injection will have little effect.

Dr. Houck noted that three drugs, hydrocortisone, oxyphenbutazone (Tandearil) and indomethacin (Indocin), when injected into animals, all cause the release of an enzyme which is itself inflammatory—though all are prescribed as anti-inflammatory medicines in arthritis. This, he declared, is puzzling to the point of being "intellectually unpleasant." Dr. Arthur Bogden of Worcester, Mass., made the paradox still sharper. If hydrocortisone and aspirin are given to laboratory rats under certain conditions before they have arthritis, both have anti-inflammatory action. But after the rats have their arthritis, the hydrocortisone raises a certain enzyme level used as a measure of drug activity, while aspirin pushes it down. How to determine, in advance, what effects a new drug will have on human beings is still a puzzle.

The symposium experts admitted that they were bewildered by the complexities of inflammation. If they were red-faced, it was appropriate. As U.C.L.A.'s Dr. Carl Pearson pointed out, the redness of measles is not a direct result of the virus invasion but a consequence of the inflammatory reaction by which the body tries to cure itself.

PEDIATRICS

TV Doctor

Seated behind his office desk, the fatherly-looking man glances up comfortably. "Hello," he says. "Today I'd like to talk about . . ." That almost invariable opening signals another TV installment of *The Children's Doctor*, with Lendon Smith, M.D. It is not exactly the most sparkling come-on in show biz, but Dr. Smith's daily five-minute show on ABC-TV is fast becoming the most visible nonfiction medicine around. And with good reason, for Dr. Smith purveys a type of pediatrics that today's doctors rarely have time for: he spends 34 minutes talking in simple terms about the normal health problems of childhood.

His counsel is sane, sensible and unimpassioned. "The current thinking on toilet training," he explains, "is that it is best to wait until the child is less contrary; for girls, two, and for boys, three. So get a new washing machine and hang



SMITH & GUEST STAR

"So get a new washing machine."

on." The normal two-year-old, he reassures parents, is "really potbellied and does have flat feet and knock-knees." In an attempt to dispel the mystique surrounding milk as a health must, he counsels, "Milk is a food, not the food. After ten months or a year, a child should be discouraged from drinking it, and if he does, he should certainly drink skimmed milk to avoid the worst fats." Yet Dr. Smith is not dogmatic. On a warm day, he said, there is nothing better than a cold glass of milk. He closed the program by downing a tumblerful.

Cracker in the Ear. Dr. Smith's easygoing competence makes it hard to decide whether he is the Julia Child of medicine or the Dr. Spock of television. In either case, after 16 years of practice, the Portland, Ore., pediatrician took easily to TV. He uses no script. "I may have a note or two," he says, "but it's natural to me. A mother comes into my office and says, 'My child wets the bed.' So I give her 3½ minutes on bed wetting. I do the same on TV." He got into the business when a local interview show was short a guest. His office was next door, and the interviewer grabbed him. He was a success, began appearing regularly. Two months ago, *The Children's Doctor* went nationwide, now appears on 150 ABC stations.

Dr. Smith tapes ten shows in two hours, though children are often uncooperative. To show how to cope with a tantrum, he employed a 15-month-old whose mother "guaranteed that he would throw one on cue. He just sat and said 'ha, ha, ha' to me." In similar form, a hyper-motor child stayed stock-still throughout the show. "My best program," he says, "involved showing how one-year-olds want to imitate their parents by feeding themselves. But they don't handle the spoon so well. One

child took a banana, smashed it down flat, looked to see if it was dead and then ate it. The last shot on-camera he took a cracker, crushed it, looked right into the lens with a great big smile and stuck it in his ear."

It is not all rollicking. Three weeks ago, Dr. Smith was discussing intelligence. Next it was allergies, and last week a look at the four-year-old's behavior, diet and skills. A program can be as technical as how to differentiate flu vomiting from vomiting owing to an abdominal obstruction, and it can be as everyday as how to keep the kid from getting fidgety in the car. "I hope," he says, "to dispel some old wives' tales about care and feeding, to enable people to differentiate between normal and abnormal behavior and to know when to worry and when not to worry."

DRUGS

Toward a Safer Penicillin

The many varieties of penicillin have a unique disadvantage: about one in a hundred patients who get them by injection becomes sensitized, so that his next shot may produce a severe reaction marked by rash, fever, swollen glands and pain in the joints. In a few cases, the response is so fast and catastrophic that it is called anaphylactic shock, a violent reaction usually associated with the introduction of foreign protein into the system. A patient thus afflicted may die within minutes.

To Dr. J. George Feinberg, a U.S. immunologist working at Britain's Beecham Research Laboratories, the killing power of penicillins made no sense. Since penicillin molecules are not proteins, he reasoned, they must somehow get hooked up to a protein. Sure enough, when he had basic penicillin preparations put through careful laboratory separation procedures, two fractions appeared: a pure penicillin that did not cause reactions in sensitized guinea pigs and a minute quantity of a second substance that produced violent reactions. This second substance proved to be a large protein molecule, with part of the penicillin molecule attached. The protein can be removed in the final stages of manufacture, thus making injected penicillin much safer for the non-sensitized patient.

Other purification procedures yielded a second impurity. Not a protein, it appears to be a product of the penicillin molecule itself, which forms spontaneously after penicillin is stored for even a short time. As its formation cannot be completely prevented, penicillin injections for patients known to be sensitive are still too risky.

The findings reported in the *Lancet* by three research groups go far to explain another mystery of penicillin—why it is so much less likely to cause severe reactions when taken by mouth than when injected. It seems that much of the protein impurity is destroyed—digested, in effect—in the alimentary tract before it can get into the bloodstream.

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A biologist named Joel Kuperberg enlisted willing help from state and private scientists. Nelson J. Sanford, a prodigious fund raiser, outdid himself for the cause.

Many more people and many private organizations joined in. Only private funds were solicited. The Nature



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SHOW BUSINESS

RECORDS

Mix-Master to the Beatles

George Martin's new LP was out last week, and U.S. record dealers had placed orders for more than 1,000,000 copies before it was even released. So it has already been awarded the record industry's coveted gold disk—the 23rd for Martin. Of course, the album is not actually under Martin's name, although he produced it, scored all the arrangements for it, performed on several tracks, and served as its mad electronic scientist. It is called *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, and it features the group whose sound Martin has

more than three months, with four to six sessions a week. The Beatles came in with the basic ideas and lyrics but left much of the rest to be worked out with Martin.

For *A Day in the Life*, a larky ditty about a mod's sally from pillow to pot*, Martin stitched together two separate songs by John Lennon and Paul McCartney, brought in a 41-piece orchestra for the instrumental passages, and concocted a closing chord by combining the Indian tamboura with the sound of his hand hitting the strings inside a piano. For the fairground-steam-organ effect requested by Lennon for *Being for the Benefit of Mr. Kite*, he played a Hammond organ himself, recorded it at different speeds, mixed in "montages of other organ sounds overlaid with electronic echoes," then cut all the recordings up and recombined them. For the Indian-flavored *Within You Without You*, Martin spent four days fitting Harrison's singing and playing the sitar, tamboura and swmandel into multiple tracks of percussion and strings that had to ride smoothly over a tricky rhythmic shift between 4/4 and 5/4.

Motley Images. Counting the other Martin touches—echoes, doubled voices and guitars, background scorings of everything from the Beatles humming on paper-and-comb to a string octet with harp—about the only thing he did not have a hand in was the album cover, a sort of pop-Edwardian design by English Painter Peter Blake and his wife Jann Haworth. On it, the hand-costumed Beatles are flanked by wax figures of themselves and motley images of "people we like," including Mae West, Edgar Allan Poe, Karl Marx, Johnny Weissmuller and Lawrence of Arabia.

Another figure who deserves a place in those ranks is Martin himself, who has emerged as Britain's top pop-record producer, moved to his own label, and started writing his own songs and movie scores, but who will continue to be musical father-confessor and producer of the Beatles on EMI. Where they are concerned, as he says proudly, "I make things possible."

HOLLYWOOD

King of the Beasties

It was the kind of tedious scene that would strain the nerves of the most seasoned actors. But Ben, star of the forthcoming CBS-TV series, *Gentle Ben*, fended off the attack of a Bengal tiger with almost playful aplomb, breezed through the retakes without missing a cue. Congratulated by Producer George Sherman, Ben merely grunted and slurped down a can of sardines—just as any 7-

ft.-long, 650-lb. black bear would do after a hard day on the set. Says Sherman: "You look at the script and say 'a bear can't do those things.' It's got to be a guy in a bear suit." But it is a bear, and it's working!"

Ben is the latest discovery of Producer Ivan Tors, 50, who has besieged TV on land (*Daktari*), at sea (*Flipper*) and in the air (*Ripcord*). He is the king of the "beasties"—outdoor adventure films starring big-name big game. This month, as part of a 14-picture pact with Paramount, Tors released *Africa—Texas Style*, a semidocumentary with Hugh O'Brian as a cowpoke who hunts big game with a rope instead of a rifle. Also planned or in production at Tors's studios and animal compounds, scattered from North Miami and Saugus, Calif.,



MARTIN AT RECORDING SESSION
The head behind the hair.

helped to create and shape since their first recording session five years ago: the Beatles.

Martin, 41, is a lean, precise Londoner with short hair and a background as second oboist in the old Sadler's Wells orchestra. He was a senior producer for England's EMI records when the then unknown Beatles—already rejected by several recording firms, including EMI—pleaded for an audition. "I didn't do any double somersaults," he recalls. "The material wasn't very good." But he liked them well enough to offer them a recording contract, and started them out with a firm hand: "I told them very much what to do."

Pillow to Pot. Things have changed considerably since then. As Beatle George Harrison puts it, "we've gained the freedom to please ourselves." What this means for Martin is that now "they place far greater demands on the studio than any other group in pop music." Where their first album, consisting of songs they had evolved on tour, was recorded in a single day, *Sgt. Pepper* took



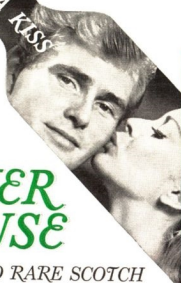
TORS & TARANTULA
Tickle your thorax?

to Nairobi and the Bahamas' Lyford Cay, are such offbeat features as *Hello Down There*, a futuristic comedy about a family living in a deep-sea bungalow, and *Natural Enemies*, the saga of a young couple adopted by a pride of lions. This fall, Tors will have five TV shows in the early-evening time slot, five more in reruns and a strong claim to succeed Walt Disney as the leading producer of family films.

Snarling Lessons. Tors's way with the wild began in Budapest, where he studied zoology as a pre-med student. He came to Hollywood as a screenwriter in 1940, but it was not until the mid-1950s, while filming a sea-horse opera called *Sea Hunt*, that he became impressed with the good manners of the sharks: he visited them in their underwater sets almost daily, was never once attacked. Convinced that the killer image of the shark, as well as that of other animals, was based on fear and prejudice, Tors became a full-time student of animal nature, plunged into his first feature-length nature film in 1962

* Which was banned by the BBC on the ground that it "could encourage a permissive attitude toward drug taking."

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Photo courtesy World Health Organization



with Flipper. "Dolphins," he says, "are superior to human beings in every way."

In Ivan's Eden, the watchword is "affection training," as opposed to the old whip-and-fear method. It begins in the nursery, where attendants spend the day fondling the young animals, in keeping with Tors's dictum that "you cannot love without touching." The more dangerous species are stroked on their "affection zones" with long, sponge-tipped "petting sticks," which are gradually reduced in length until an attendant can, for instance, tickle the thorax of a tarantula with his fingers. In "secondary school," the animals are put through an obstacle course in preparation for such script demands as having monkeys cross a chasm using a python as a bridge. For fight scenes, the critters simply wrestle playfully, and the battle noises are dubbed in later; some of the big cats are so tame that they have to be given snarling lessons.

Whale Talk. Eventually, the most promising trainees graduate to the "Beverly Hills" suite of cages, home of such four-legged thespians as Judy the chimp, who can understand 76 verbal commands; Clarence the cross-eyed lion; Bruce the ocelot, who was a regular on TV's *Honey West*; Zamba II the lion, who appears on the Dreyfus Fund commercials; and Modac the elephant, a 53-year-old veteran of the Ringling Bros. Circus. Tors's Method menagerie accounts for 90% of all the animal scenes filmed in Hollywood: the going rate for a jungle headliner, who travels with two handlers and a stand-in: \$1,000 per day.

Tors, whose grey spade beard gives him the look of a dietetic Burl Ives, is known as the "witch doctor" among his friends and as a photographic innovator throughout the movie industry. His stunning underwater camera work for *Thunderball* won an Oscar last year. And in the past four years he has built his own company's gross from \$750,000 to \$12 million. About the only mishap Tors has suffered occurred after he had filmed *Namu, the Killer Whale*. He had made friends with the five-ton mammal by spending all-night vigils floating on a log in Namu's pen while squeaking to him in "whale talk" and scratching his back. Shortly after the film was completed, Namu became entangled in a fouling net, and, unable to surface and breath through his spout, he drowned. Tors mournfully postponed release of the film, called Namu "the most intelligent creature I ever met."

The more Tors sees of animals, the less he thinks of man. "There are no natural enemies," he likes to say, "except man and woman." To prove that a peaceable kingdom is a possibility—at least on his 260-acre preserve near Los Angeles—he has combined such unlikely pen-mates as a python and a chimpanzee, a lion and an elephant and, most unlikely combination of all, a tiger and a fawn. "We humans live a phony existence," he insists. "We have fallen out of rhythm with nature."



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ART



U.C.L.A.'S GARDEN: STUDENTS WITH HENRI LAURENS NUDE
Sheba among the sycamores and cubes with tones.

SCULPTURE

Beauty & Bongos

On the sprawling U.C.L.A. campus this week, an audience of 500 guests from the Los Angeles area and university patrons gathered while Chancellor Franklin Murphy dedicated the campus' new 4½-acre outdoor sculpture court, which contains 27 examples of 20th century works. No other campus in the U.S. can boast one like Los Angeles'. In an outdoor setting lush with sycamore, pine, eucalyptus, jacaranda and coral trees, U.C.L.A. students can now stroll and study among Archipenko's *Queen of Sheba*, Calder's stabile *Buton Flower*, four Matisse bas-reliefs, a Chadwick, Henry Moore's *Reclining Figure* and many, many more.*

The garden was conceived by Chancellor Murphy when he arrived at U.C.L.A. from the University of Kansas in 1960. "I have always believed," says he, "that beauty, in whatever form, especially art, needs to be part of the daily life of people." Though there was no single location at that time right for a sculpture garden, U.C.L.A.'s academic explosion provided one. Working with landscape architects and engineers, Murphy carved out a site on the new North Campus. The garden nestles amid a cluster of spanning new buildings—the business-administration and social-sciences centers, a research library, the theater-

arts building (Macgowan Hall), and the Dickson Art Center, with its galleries, studios and classrooms.

Where Murphy needed help was in assembling the sculpture. Actress Anna Bing Arnold (who performed in the 1930s under the stage name of Anna Kostant) contributed Anna Mahler's show-bizzy *Tower of Masks* for the entrance to Macgowan Hall. In 1964 the U.C.L.A. Arts Council and Regent Norton Simon bought Lipchitz' *Song of the Vowels*. The bulk of the collection came from the estate of David E. Bright, a Los Angeles industrialist who died in 1965. Bright left the Moore, a Hepworth, another Lipchitz, and two pieces that are far and away the most popular with the students. One is an Henri Laurens reclining nude, called *Esquisse d'Automne*, whose raised arm and leg form what has already become one of U.C.L.A.'s most popular benches. The other is a clean, shiny pile of aluminum cubes by David Smith entitled *Cubi-XX*, which not only wins high marks on esthetic grounds but, as students have discovered by pounding on its several sides, also makes a dandy two-tone bongo drum.

MUSEUMS

Filigrees & Forgings

The summer's rush of tourists began to flood into Paris last week, attracted always by its reputation for high style, fine restaurants and magnificent art collections. But as any seasoned traveler knows, there is more to France than just Paris. And already Francophiles were circling on their maps those little-

known, remote museums that, as the *Guide Michelin* says of its top restaurants, are "well worth the trip."

Traditionalists were planning stopovers at the Musée Ingres in the Gascon town of Montauban, or the Musée Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec in Albi. Modernists will make a beeline for the Maeght Foundation in sunny St.-Paul-de-Vence, with its celebrated abundance of Picassos, Chagalls and Mirós, then move on to the Musée Fernand Léger in Biot and the Picasso museum in the Château Grimaldi in Antibes. And for some 30,000 lovers of ironwork—from forthright masculine forging to lacy feminine filigree, from the Roman keys to the needlepoint balustrade that graced Mme. de Pompadour's country mansion—there is Rouen's Musée Le Secq des Tournelles.

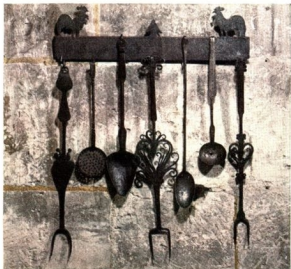
700 Padlocks. This remarkable museum (see color opposite) houses 12,000 examples of the smithy's cunning, assembled by a minor Parisian nobleman named Henri Le Secq des Tournelles and his father Jerome Le Secq des Tournelles, between 1870 and 1921. Henri gave his collection to the city of Rouen a year before his death when the city fathers offered to house it in the 15th century Church of St. Laurent, which had been secularized and abandoned during the Revolution. To the younger Des Tournelles, iron collecting was a kind of madness. His wife divorced him over it, his fortune was squandered on it, and the story goes that after he had given his collection to Rouen, he moved into a church tower. On certain days, he could be seen sitting on a curbstone, dining from a tin of sardines—with a servant standing in readiness behind him with a white linen napkin.

How Des Tournelles came by some of his treasures is a question that the museum's curator, Mlle. Olga Popovitch, prefers not to investigate too closely. She does note that the feather-light iron choir grille displayed in one tiny chapel comes from the d'Ourcamp Abbey, on the banks of the Oise, which is still part of an operating monastery. The museum also contains iron jewelry (fashionable in Napoleon's day, when the British blockade prevented the import of finer metals), orthopedic corsets, bird cages, croupiers' roulette rakes, ornate medieval shop signs, kitchen utensils, 3,000 keys, 700 padlocks, 600 door knockers, and more than 100 pairs of scissors, including one shaped like a pelican with the blades forming its beak. Coffee mills designed to grind the precious beans in the 17th century, when Madame de Sévigné purportedly scoffed that "Racine will pass—like coffee," bear little resemblance to the streamlined models sold in France today, but their shape is basically the same. A craftsman's implement bears the doughy motto: "I am Jacques' chisel. Let me lie. I'll work for him until I die."

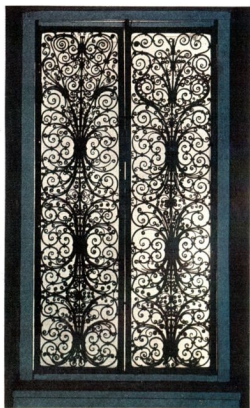
* Few of the castings are unique, but all are from series authorized by the artists. For instance, Archipenko's *Queen of Sheba* is the third of eight castings; Matisse's bas-reliefs are the sixth of ten; Moore's *Figure*, the fifth of seven.



In classical mythology, iron signified an age of blood and bludgeons, but Rouen's unique Musée Le Secq des Tournelles shows how medieval, Renaissance and baroque craftsmen wrought the elemental metal with delicacy and finesse. Collection, housed in 15th century church, contrasts playful 17th and 18th century kitchen utensils (below) with stately grill-work of 13th century gate from d'Ourscamp Abbey (right).



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THE PRESS

REPORTING

On the Scene

In the Middle East

It was tough being a soldier on the Arab side of the lines, and it was just as tough being a war correspondent. New York Times Reporter Tom Brady managed to slip past Damascus airport officials, who did not know that he had been blacklisted in Syria. But when he phoned his first story to Lebanon, three plainclothesmen showed up at his hotel and dragged him off to jail. In Amman, NBC Correspondent Robert Conley was picked up by Jordanian troops, who accused him of taking pictures—even though he had no camera. Stranded at airports around Europe, many correspondents never even got near the Arab countries. Those who did were kept virtual prisoners in their hotels; what little they sent out was rigorously censored. After Egypt severed relations with the U.S., all 22 American correspondents were ordered out of the country. Awaiting transportation, they were forbidden to file stories. Only the New York Times's Eric Pace managed to continue sending dispatches.

On the Israeli side, coverage was far less fettered. Few of the 300 foreign correspondents who flooded into the country had trouble getting to one of the fronts in some military vehicle—helicopter, half-track or torpedo boat. Others were shuttled to battle sites in a pair of tourist buses, which had a habit of getting lost in the desert. Israeli information officers jockeyed with reporters, censored their copy perfunctorily, and often leaked news before it was officially released.

Wishful Trickle. The Israelis, of course, were winning, and the Arabs were losing. If the roles had been reversed, so might have been the treatment of reporters. As it was, all the legitimate news was coming out of Israel, and little more than wishful thinking was trickling out of the Arab states; most newspapers decided early to distrust Arab victory claims. The New York Times displayed a hardly necessary impartiality by publishing Arab and Israeli accounts side by side, with little indication of which was the more credible. The paper did get unusually excited, though; for four days straight it used three-deck, eight-column headlines—something that it seldom does.

On the scene, few correspondents performed more creditably than Timesman James Reston. In Cairo before the war began, he visualized the outcome. "An alarming fatalism seems to be settling on this city," he cabled. "There is very little relationship here between word and action. The government seems to be provoking trouble without preparing for the consequences." The Cairo airport, he noted, was more open to attack than La Guardia airport in New York. The men around Nasser, he re-

ported, were more preoccupied with past humiliations than present dangers.

The war ended too quickly for other reporters to display much individual enterprise. Yet here and there, a correspondent came up with some arresting insight or detail. Covering the war for the Chicago Sun-Times, Cartoonist Bill Mauldin reported that at least some Arabs living in Israel were content with their lot and even fearful of Nasser. Los Angeles Times Correspondent Joe Alex Morris Jr. reported from Jerusalem that the Palestinians blamed King Hussein or the Arabs in general for not fighting harder. "But at the same time, there were greetings of 'shalom' to Israeli patrols as they crept up the narrow, sun-baked streets."

Unpleasant Fact. Like everybody else, columnists were taken by surprise. Nevertheless, New York Post Theater Critic Richard Watts Jr. found the wit to quip that "it is safe to predict that someone will soon be blaming Lyndon Johnson for the whole ugly Middle Eastern crisis." Sure enough, someone soon was. The very next day, St. Louis Post-Dispatch Columnist Marquis Childs declared that the "real significance" of the war is that the "Johnson brand of consensus diplomacy has disastrously failed"—an interpretation that, had they read it, would have certainly startled the Arabs and Israelis—not to mention the Russians.

Few commentators had kind words for the United Nations. What the war shows, wrote Washington Post Columnist David Broder, is that "once the U.S. enters an arena of international politics, it cannot opt out. Nor can it shift the responsibilities it has assumed to the U.N. The deterioration of the U.N. as a moral and political force in world affairs has been revealed more clearly by the Mideast crisis than by any other event in recent years. That is an unpleasant fact, but it can no longer be evaded, even by those in our country who have found in Secretary-General U Thant's statements on Viet Nam a comforting endorsement of their own views."

Consensus on Caution. In general, editorial opinion stood foursquare behind Israel. Minor irritation was expressed by some newspapers at the lack of U.S. preparedness for the crisis, but few editorials took issue with President Johnson's policy of cautious watchfulness. The commitment to Israel had to be upheld, said the editorials, but it would be better for the U.S. to rally allies to its side and not try to go it alone. All newspapers agreed that the great powers must now get together and try to keep the peace permanently in the area. "The Arabs and Israelis alone cannot solve this problem," said a Newsday edi-

torial. "The big powers, preferably through the U.N., must enforce in fact what up to now has been enunciated in principle, peaceful coexistence between ancient rivals and the hope of eventual reconciliation."

Peering dimly into the future of the Middle East, CBS News Analyst Eric Sevareid seemed to see a mirror image of what was actually happening. "Many years of diplomacy and spending," he mourned, "were going down the drain," since Russia would replace the U.S. as the dominant influence in the Middle East. NBC's David Brinkley doubted that Russia would do so well. "The U.S.," he said, "gave Israel no help, which it did not need, and the Russians gave the Arab countries no help, which they did need."



YATES



SCHUTZER

A terrible involvement.

Cost of War

Reporters in Israel had access to the fighting front—but they also had access to danger and death. At week's end, three correspondents had lost their lives: LIFE Photographer Paul Schutze, 36; NBC-TV Producer Ted Yates, also 36; and an Israeli freelance cameraman, Ben Oyserman, 54.

A Brooklyn-born Jew, Schutze personally pleaded with Defense Minister Dayan to let him join the front-line assault on the Gaza Strip. "I feel terribly involved in this fight," he said. It was not the first time Schutze had asked to be up front. A LIFE photographer since 1956, he had covered the Marine landing in Lebanon in 1958; the Algerian war; Richard Nixon's tempestuous Latin American tour; hurricanes; earthquakes. In 1965, he joined the Marines in an amphibious landing in Viet Nam, took pictures that eloquently expressed the human suffering of war. Dayan granted Schutze's wish; next day he was taking pictures from a half-track personnel carrier when it was hit by an Egyptian antitank shell and burst into flames.

A producer of on-the-spot TV documentaries, Ted Yates always went



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CHARCOAL
MELLOWED



DROP

BY DROP

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where the action was. He liked to say that he had been stoned in Sumatra, shot in Laos, charged with bayonets in Java. "You have to stick your neck out a mile," he explained. "That is why this kind of program isn't done very often." His documentaries were taut, full of action, rarely bland. During the fighting in Jordanian Jerusalem, Yates was supervising a camera crew from the doorway of the Intercontinental Hotel. When a volley of firing began, everyone else ducked. Yates, typically, raised his head to see what was going on—and was struck by a bullet.

A London-born Israeli, Ben Oyserman covered the 1956 Arab-Israeli war, was the only one on hand to record the surrender of the Egyptian commander to Israeli forces. When war broke out again, he headed for the front on an assignment for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Approaching Gaza in a private car, he found the road blocked by a pile of stones. He got out, pushed a rock aside. A mine exploded, and he was killed instantly.

PRESS SECRETARIES

The Compleat Johnson Man

The way the White House handled the Middle East conflict last week showed clearly what rank and importance Press Secretary George Christian has achieved. Day after day, at meetings that were both formal and informal, at breakfasts and lunches, George Christian was a fifth and full-time addition to the executive foursome that usually manages U.S. foreign affairs: Lyndon Johnson, Dean Rusk, Robert McNamara and Walt Rostow, the President's Special Assistant for national security affairs.

"George spends more time with me than any other press secretary I've had," says Johnson. "He is tough but reserved." Just as Whiz Kid Bill Moyers suited Johnson during early, more flamboyant days in the White House, Christian, 40, is now the compleat Johnson man. The President these days is cautious, ungratulatory. So is Christian.

Christian believes that the President suffered from overexposure during the Moyers days, and he points to various segments of Gallup polls that bear him out. Despite his familiarity with presidential thoughts and doings, Christian utters not one syllable more than the President wants him to. His main defensive weapon is simply to say that he is not going to talk about sensitive issues and then watch out for traps. Since he does not lose his temper, there are no press-room incidents that get into the papers.

The result has been to pique White House correspondents, who always want more information than they get. They cannot help liking Christian, but they can and do cite such exchanges as those that took place last week:

Q. George, can you tell us anything at all about what the President and Am-

bassador Thompson discussed? Failing that, even how long they talked?

A. No. I don't have any more information on it for you other than the fact that they met.

Q. Has the President talked to Prime Minister Wilson today?

A. I don't have anything for you.

Q. To your knowledge, is Ambassador Thompson going back, and do you know when?

A. I do not know when.

Texas Trail. Texas-raised, Christian learned reserve as a Marine serving with U.S. occupation forces in Japan after World War II. He picked up his journalism later as a reporter for the old International News Service in Austin. In 1956, he joined the staff of Senator Price Daniel, was Daniel's press secretary from 1957 to 1962, when Daniel was Governor. He did the same until



CHRISTIAN & FRIEND

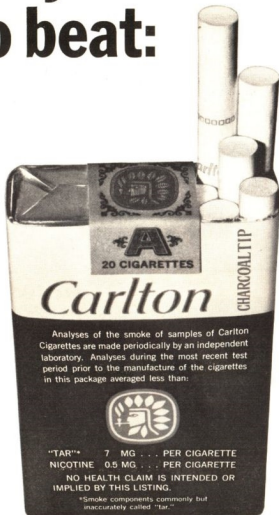
Not one syllable more—or less.

1966 for Governor John Connally, then traveled that old Texas trail to the White House to become a presidential assistant (working with Rostow on foreign affairs) and an understudy to Bill Moyers. When Moyers became publisher of Long Island's Newsday, Christian moved up with assurance.

The assurance, plus a talent for organization, showed last week when news of the Middle East fighting arrived at the Christian home in McLean, Va., at 4:02 a.m. By mid-morning it produced TV shots of the President walking down a White House path to dispatch Secretaries Rusk and McNamara to Capitol Hill to deliver briefings on the situation. Reassurance followed reassurance, including the carefully timed release of a "Dear Mike" letter that the President wrote to Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield to fill him in on U.S. Mideast policy. And the climax was Christian's announcement of the solid news that last week the White House-Kremlin hot line was first used under crisis conditions. The result of such a performance is Johnson's increasing confidence in and reliance on Christian. "George," says the President, "is as solid as Abe Lincoln."

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EDUCATION

ALUMNI

Eggheads with the Beer

The alumni reunion used to be a college's equivalent of the lost weekend—a four-day binge of old dad and Old Grand-Dad, nostalgia and nonsense, high jinks and lowlife. Now, says Yale's Associate Secretary Howard S. Weaver, "the concept of the reunion as a big party is dead. There's an overlay of seriousness on top of the fun and games." Increasingly, U.S. colleges and their grads look upon the reunion as the chance for alumni to catch up on their education. Easing out the cocktail parties are lectures and seminars by faculty experts on everything from atomic physics to zoology.

This weekend at Yale, for example, an estimated 450 alumni and wives will be paying \$12.50 per person for four-day seminars on such subjects as organic evolution, manuscript study and the changing world of scholarship, films as 20th century art. Harvard, which has set aside one day of its reunions for intellectual activity for ten years now, is offering grads two "university symposia"—one on Asia and the U.S. future moderated by former Presidential Assistant Adam Yarmolinsky, another on student careers, at which one lecturer will be Sociologist David Riesman. At nearby M.I.T., the alumni reunion features management seminars on industrial relations, corporate financial policies and market planning. The Amherst reunion is now, in effect, a five-day miniature academic semester with old grads being offered courses in humanities, biology and public affairs.

Ideas, Not Martinis. Instead of educating their alumni by class, some large universities hold separate reunions for graduates of their various schools, prime them with seminars and lectures related to their special interests. Last October, for example, the University of Minnesota held a reunion for its business administration alumni at the St. Paul Hilton, where a banker lectured on tight money and faculty economists examined new approaches to understanding consumer behavior. Vanderbilt offers both specialized and general seminars. Last weekend, alumni of the medical school were treated to a series of discussions on such topics as the new penicillin and the cellular aspects of the immunization mechanism. Vanderbilt A.B.s, on the other hand, were invited to a lecture on the future of the liberal arts college by Poet Allen Tate, class of '22.

The new sobriety of reunions, say school officials, reflects the nation's changing attitudes toward education: the gentleman songster on a four-year spree has long since given way to the serious student who regards college as the intellectual opportunity of a lifetime. By and large, faculty and administrators are delighted by the seriousness of their alumni. Professors regard reunion lectures as a chance to try out new ideas on a captive, eager audience. And experience has convinced school officials that instilling old grads with ideas rather than iced martinis is a far more effective way of developing pride in one's alma mater—and stimulating contributions to the next building-fund drive.

TEACHERS

How Much Rubbed Off?

"Through art," believes rangy athletic Bartlett Hayes, Jr., 62, "the student learns to adapt and meet the unexpected. The quarterback learns this on the football field; the student can learn it in the gallery." As an art teacher at Phillips Academy, Andover, since 1933, and head of the prep school's Addison Gallery of American Art since 1940, Bart Hayes has taught two generations of Andover boys how to adapt, and in the process set nationwide precedents in art instruction and appreciation. Says Metropolitan Museum Director Thomas P. F. Hoving, who attended Andover's archival Exeter: "Bart Hayes is the best secondary school art teacher in the U.S."

Hayes assigns Andover's eleventh-graders stints in photography, painting and construction, uses the gallery's collection—rich in Winslow Homer, Thomas Eakins, Ryder and Bellows—for instruction, and turns the students loose in Andover's four-year-old Arts and Communications Center. He spices his classroom endeavors with as many as



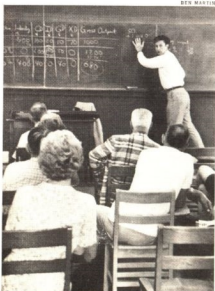
HAYES & EXHIBIT
A Feelie for fun and fur.

30 shows a year, most of them "teaching exhibits," ranging from didactic displays on industrial design to such far-out spectacles as last spring's "Feelies Show." In the latter, students were first plunged into a coal-black room, forced to grope their way along a handrail that turned from wood to fur to aluminum to sandpaper, while the floor underfoot changed from hardwood to rubbery sponge, in order, as Hayes puts it, to make them "aware" that they are "all nerves."

From Pots to Pop. Andover boys seem to love Bart Hayes's unorthodox approach. One hundred and fifty a year sign up for the course, and 20% of the seniors major in art. Several have made it a lifetime calling, either as museum directors, artists (Painters Cleve Gray and George Tooker), or designers (Expo 67's U.S. Pavilion Display Designer Ivan Chermayeff). But Hayes, the perpetual inquirer, still finds himself wondering about the average boy, "how much has rubbed off on him permanently, how has he reacted over the years."

To get at an answer, Andover is staging an extra-special teaching exhibit, consisting of 395 items from 174 donors. The show is a glorious potpourri ranging from ancient Iranian pots to pop art, and includes a sample of artists from Zurbarán and Veronese to Picasso and Pollock. What the items have in common is their owners: they are all Andover graduates. Last week the collectors collected themselves together at Andover to congratulate Hayes.

Marbles & Stuffed Terrapin. "What this exhibit shows," explains Hayes, "is that there are many tastes, none any better or worse than the other. This is the difference between science and art. Old science is no longer useful, but art of one age is just as good as that of another." In arranging the show, he tried "to pounce on any contrasts or similari-



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ties." Baroque Italian cupids by Guido Reni hang beside Isamu Noguchi's stainless-steel *Man in Space*. A gemlike 15th century English marble *Pieta* contributed by Seward Eric (P.A. '10), is set off by a terra-cotta Nigerian 20th century oba's (a ruler's) head, contributed by Whitney P. Foster (P.A. '60).

Hayes did not stop with paintings and sculpture. On the theory that "esthetics are involved in everything that we look at," the exhibit also includes manuscripts, furniture, musical instruments and silver plate. Hayes regretfully turned down many other items offered by the students he had inspired, including a collection of marbles, a pair of stuffed terrapin, and a 19th century fire pump. "I was tempted by that fire pump," he adds.

KUDOS

Round 2

UNIVERSITY OF AKRON

The Rev. Franklin Clark Fry, D.D., president of the Lutheran Church in America. *His religious philosophy is expressed in his own words, "America needs a vertebrate religion. It needs a spine up the back which will hold the body together."*

BOWLING GREEN STATE UNIVERSITY

Stewart L. Udall, D.P.S., U.S. Secretary of the Interior.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Paul Mellon, L.D., philanthropist.

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

Tom C. Clark, L.D., Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

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SPORT

YACHTING

Intrepid Is the Word

Missing a mark in yachting is a mistake roughly comparable to shooting at the opponents' hoop in basketball or stealing an occupied base in baseball. But it obviously can happen to the best of yachtsmen, because it did last week to no less than Emil ("Bus") Mosbacher, 45, the brilliant skipper who piloted *Weatherly* to victory in the 1962 America's Cup races against Australia, and is favored to do the same with *Intrepid* this year. There was *Intrepid*, skipping merrily across Long Island Sound, en route to an easy victory over *American Eagle* in last week's preliminary cup trials. Then Bus steered the wrong way around a buoy, had to come about—and thereby converted a 56-sec. lead into a 1-min. 2-sec. defeat.

Of course, last week's races were merely warmups, and the 12-meter yacht that will defend the 116-year-old America's Cup against Australia's *Dane Pattie* will not be picked until the final trials in August. So Mosbacher's mistake might soon be forgotten—were it not for the possibility that the loss could be the only one *Intrepid* will ever suffer. Skeptics who considered how Architect Olin Stephens could improve his design for *Constellation*—the boat that beat *Eagle* in the 1964 U.S. trials, then went on to wipe up Britain's *Sovereign* in four straight races—got their answer when *Intrepid* whipped *Connie* three times in a row by ever bigger margins: 50 sec., 1 min. 44 sec., 2 min. 11 sec. In two rematches with *Eagle*, *Intrepid* coasted to 2-min. 30-sec. and 5-min. 34-sec. victories, and finally, she really rubbed it in against Mosbacher's old

boat *Weatherly*—by the embarrassing margin of 6 min. 4 sec.

It's August that Counts. Despite *Intrepid's* impressive racing debut, Mosbacher insisted that the boat was still a long way from demonstrating her full potential. "We've been having spinnaker problems," he said. "We've got to make changes in our sails. There's plenty still to be done." But experts were impressed by *Intrepid's* speed to windward—a crucial talent, since fully half of the 24.3-mile America's Cup course consists of windward beats. And they could hardly fail to applaud the performance put on by Mosbacher and his well-drilled crew during the third race against *Constellation*. Thirty-five times *Connie* tacked; 33 times Mosbacher covered; when he finally broke off, *Intrepid* had a lead of 1 min. 35 sec.

The other contenders are not yet ready to concede the defender's job to *Intrepid*. "It's who is best in August that counts," said *Eagle's* skipper, George Hinman, "that's when we want to be best." Still to be heard from is another challenger; *Columbia*, the 1958 America's Cup winner, now owned by Californian Pat Dougan and remodeled at a cost of \$125,000 last year. According to Olin Stephens, who drew the plans, she is 75% new: a "skeg," or fin, has been added to her bottom to make her stiffer in the water, her stern has been shortened 2 ft. 5 in., her deck has been replaced, and her mast has been stepped aft about 1 ft. so that she can fly a bigger genoa. Now en route by freighter to New York, *Columbia* will not get into action until July, but Designer Stephens has assured Dougan that her new shape and fittings will make her "competitive."

BASEBALL

Winners All Around

Tight pennant races are nothing new in the National League, but American League fans for years have had to make do with seasons that effectively ended in June or July. Not this year. At one time or another since the season began, every team except two (Washington Senators, Minnesota Twins) has led the league or at least shared the lead. The farthest anybody has been in front is two games, and the spread between the first-place Detroit Tigers and eighth place last week was only seven games. Even the New York Yankees, who finished dead last in 1966, were playing .500 ball.

Under those circumstances, it hardly seems smart to make predictions. But that is exactly what everybody seems to be doing. "If we can stay within one or two games of the top until the All-Star game, we'll win," says Chicago Manager Eddie Stanky, whose White Sox trail the first-place Detroit Tigers by only 1½ games. "If we stay healthy, we've got a good chance," says Manager Hank Bauer of the defending champion Baltimore Orioles. And Boston Red Sox Manager Dick Williams insists: "We have the talent. There's no telling what will happen."

The predictions all make a certain sense. Chicago's pitching staff boasts a combined earned-run average of 2.57, and White Sox base runners have already stolen 57 bases this year. Baltimore has Frank Robinson, who ranks second in hitting (.337), first in home runs (16) and first in RBIs (47). The Red Sox have Righthander Jim Lonborg, whose record so far is seven victories and only one loss.

The strongest—or at least the most interesting—argument may belong to Detroit. They have the league's No. 1 hitter in Al Kaline (.349); better still, after 21 years without a pennant, they are finally behaving like Tigers instead of tabbies. Beaming with approval as his players fought a donnybrook with the Kansas City Athletics, Detroit Manager Mayo Smith announced: "This ball club is playing as a team, and I think that is well demonstrated by the fact that we have been in three altercations in eight days."

HORSE RACING

Vacation for Manny

If horse racing is the sport of kings, Carlos Manuel de Yeaza, 29, is the Black Knight.

A fierce-tempered Panamanian who prides himself on being a fine judge of wine and women (his wife is a former Miss Universe) as well as horse flesh, Manny Yeaza is a throwback to the old hell-for-leather days of racing—before sharp-eyed stewards and patrol cameras—when herding, crowding, blocking, intimidating, or even rapping rival riders across the ribs with a whip were part of the game. Understandably,



MOSBACHER AT THE HELM
The first loss could be the last.

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YCAZA (LEFT) FOULING IN JERSEY DERBY
An expensive taste for trouble.

he has few friends among his fellow jocks. Nor is it very surprising that in eleven years, he has been "set down," or suspended, for a total of 608 days—a punitive record unmatched in U.S. racing history.

"I ride very hard," Ycaza explains, "and so I am often in trouble. If I don't ride the way I do, maybe I don't get into trouble, but also maybe I don't win, and then I don't get work." That philosophy may work for a winner—and over those eleven years, Manny has booted home horses that have won more than 2,000 races and \$15 million. But lately, Ycaza's transgressions have begun to get expensive.

Riding Ada L. Rice's Advocate in the \$83,700 Grey Lag Handicap at New York's Aqueduct race track six weeks ago, he was grounded for 15 days after he veered sharply in the stretch and blocked three other horses. Advocate won by 11 lengths, but was disqualified by the stewards—costing Owner Rice \$54,405. Two weeks ago, Ycaza earned another 15-day suspension from New Jersey stewards for rough riding aboard William L. McKnight's three-year-old colt, Dr. Fager, in the \$119,200 Jersey Derby at Garden State Park. Going into the first turn, he dropped in sharply, cutting off his competitors and forcing one into the infield rail. Dr. Fager coasted across the finish line 6 and a half lengths in front, only to be placed fourth and last. The difference between first and fourth: \$71,520.

Those two infractions, plus another 20-day suspension for "interference" in a previous claiming race at Aqueduct, gave Ycaza a total of 50 days of enforced vacation since April. But more than one racing expert thought Ycaza's punishment was too light. Mused Morning Telegraph Correspondent Charles Hutton: "One wonders when an erring athlete in this sport is to be considered incorrigible."



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U.S. BUSINESS



RICHARDS ON THE TRAMPOLINE
Champion of breakfasts.

EXECUTIVES

Health, Wealth & Wheaties

The man who was easily the world's best pole vaulter a decade ago keeps neither a scrapbook nor a trophy room, cannot even remember where he stashed the gold medals he won in the 1952 and 1956 Olympic Games. Yet at 41, jut-jawed Bob Richards is as familiar a figure as most active athletes. Nobody could be happier about that than General Mills, Inc., maker of Wheaties, the breakfast yummy that Richards, one of the country's most successful single-product salesmen, enthusiastically pushes on television.

The evangelical fervor that Richards can bring to even a bowl of cereal comes naturally enough, since he is an ordained Church of the Brethren minister. He neither smokes nor drinks, and his favorite expletive is "Smoly Hoke!" Their emphasis being on clean living, the TV commercials he makes for Wheaties are in perfect character. So are the 80-odd speeches that Richards delivers on the banquet circuit each year, appearances liberally laced with a can-do gospel that is equal parts Norman Vincent Peale and Knute Rockne. "Americans are hungry for inspiration," says Richards. "We have everything else, but we need dreams." So effective is that approach that Richards makes \$75,000 a year on his Wheaties contract (plus another \$50,000 or so for personal appearances), has just signed for his tenth year with the cereal.

Explorer Telescopes. The arrangement is equally agreeable for Minneapolis-based General Mills, which has always shown plenty of zeal in pushing Wheaties. No sooner did the cereal come into being in 1924 than the Washburn Crosby Co., General Mills's onetime parent company, bought into a local radio station, used it to advertise its new product. The cereal was promoted by one of radio's first singing commercials ("Have you tried Wheaties?"), a pioneer coast-to-coast radio serial ("Skippy") and some of the earliest premium offers for kids anxious to be the first on their blocks with such prizes as Explorer Telescopes. Soon after the company began sponsoring "Jack Armstrong, All-American Boy" in the 1930s, Wheaties became "the breakfast of champions"—and its profitable tie-in with sports was born.

In the early 1950s, General Mills made the mistake of downplaying Wheaties' sports image, and sales fell sharply. Reversing itself, the company founded the Wheaties Sports Federation, made Richards its director, also began turning out "how-to" films on various sports. In addition, Wheaties has stepped up its sponsoring of major league baseball broadcasts. Wheaties' sales not only ended their decline, but have increased by 21% since 1958. For General Mills, the second biggest cereal maker (its other leading brand: Cheerios) behind Kellogg, that turnaround helped push annual earnings from \$14.7 million to \$23.3 million over the same period.

God, Guns & Guts. Until joining General Mills, Bob Richards never earned more than \$6,000 a year. Something of a neighborhood tough during his boyhood in Champaign, Ill., Richards got religion when he started going with a girl who "wanted a Christian boy friend." After high school, he attended a small church school in Virginia, where he was a star athlete, and where he met and married Mary Leah Cline (they have three teen-age children). He then transferred to the University of Illinois, where he showed equal proficiency in the vaulting pit and the classroom. Armed with a master's degree in philosophy, Richards competed in track meets, meanwhile delivering sermons around the U.S. and teaching at a church-operated college in the Los Angeles suburb of La Verne.

Richards still lives in La Verne, keeps physically fit by jogging five miles a day, exercising on his back-yard trampoline or riding his palomino stallion Sun Up. The garden of his \$50,000 ranch-style home is equipped with a pole-vaulting rig, and Richards claims he can still clear his best competition height of 15 ft. 6 in. He also has other interests. He owns an 8,000-acre ranch in Colorado and a film studio—an abandoned Methodist church—in La Verne.

He buys photographic equipment with a passion ("This gear really turns me on"), has already sunk \$40,000 into a self-produced, partially completed western in which he stars as a frontier preacher. Its title: *God, Guns and Guts*.

Richards himself is no longer active as a minister, but he remains a religious man who believes that "you have to have faith to achieve." How does that square with his role as a breakfast-food pitchman? Describing his work as "just straight selling of good food," Richards says he has made it clear to General Mills that "I would never say anything in the ads I didn't believe in." The company needn't worry. Bob Richards starts every day with bacon, eggs and Wheaties, sometimes helps himself to a late-evening serving of the breakfast of champions.

CORPORATIONS

Good Time

Back in the mid-1950s, Bulova Watch Co., the nation's biggest watch producer and importer, found itself whipsawed by its competition. On the one hand, more and more Americans were turning to expensive luxury watches, to the detriment of Bulova's essentially medium-priced (average retail cost: \$60) line. On the other hand, the U.S. Time Corp., having found a way to anodize the aluminum cases on cheaper watches to make them resemble gold, was carving out a huge, low-price market with its Timex models. As a result, while the total U.S. market increased by 25%, Bulova's sales were skidding by 17%.

Having survived that slowdown, Bulova is now keeping better time than



MODEL WEARING BULOVA
Jewels for the movement.

ever. Over the past eight years, the company has doubled annual sales, to \$123 million, and increased earnings by 150%, to \$3.8 million. Two men are most responsible for Bulova's improved fortunes. The first is General Omar N. Bradley, 74, who was brought into the company in 1953 by Arde Bulova, son of the Czechoslovak immigrant who founded Bulova as a small Manhattan jewelry shop in 1874. When Arde died in 1958, Bradley succeeded him as chairman. The following year, Arde's nephew, Harry Bulova Henshel, now 48, became president. Bradley brought to

Recognizing that Bulova is necessarily an international-minded company—most of its watch movements are assembled in Switzerland—Henshel is particularly eager to expand its overseas markets. Though 80% of the company's sales are still in the U.S., some progress has been made: Bulova is now selling watches in 89 countries, compared with 19 in 1961. Even so, the U.S. remains its most promising market. During the current June graduation season, Bulova expects to capture as much as 30% of gift watch sales, which could soar to \$100 million.

and tourist-class seating that allows for 350 to 362 passengers. To Boeing, which had originally planned the 747 as a military transport that would be similar to Lockheed's successful C-5A, this almost negates the whole idea of the nine-abreast economy airliners. To prove the point, Boeing last week lined up 490 employees, photographed them (see cut) alongside a mock-up of the 747 to dramatize the capacity that the 747 is capable of carrying.

ADVERTISING

Look Who's Switching Off

Admiral Corp., one of the country's leading makers of television sets, is withdrawing its advertising from TV. "We have been disappointed in the clutter quality of the shows," said Chairman Ross D. Siragusa Sr. last week to a Las Vegas gathering of distributors. What also irks Siragusa, whose company has been spending nearly half of its \$20 million annual advertising budget on TV time, is the deluge of commercials that are slithered in between programs by local stations. Admiral's answer: at least temporarily, the company will invest a proportionately larger amount of its budget in newspaper advertising.

BANKING

The Plum at First National City

Command changes at major banks are usually about as suspenseful as tomorrow's office hours. But not at Manhattan's aggressive First National City Bank. President George S. Moore, 62, was a cinch to succeed Chairman James Stillman Rockefeller, due to retire next month at 65. But who would follow Moore? There was no lack of topflight candidates, as is only fitting for the bank that, with assets of \$15 billion, ranks only behind the Bank of America (\$18 billion) and Chase Manhattan (\$15.8 billion). Moore himself had been no help in the guessing game, having once said that any one of the bank's six executive vice presidents and most of the 36 senior V.P.s could handle the job. Headlined the Wall Street Journal as speculation grew: **PRESIDENCY CONTEST IS NEARING SHOWDOWN.**

Last week it came. First, the bank's 25-man board, as expected, named Moore chairman. Then Thomas R. Wilcox, 50, the peppery executive vice president in charge of the bank's domestic branches and a leading candidate for Moore's job, was made a vice chairman. But the plum went to Walter B. Wriston, 47, executive V.P. for overseas operations. Since Moore himself was only three years from retirement, said the bank, new President Wriston would lose no time getting into "the maximum possible responsibilities."

Chile to Chad. Those have expanded mightily in the bank's eight years under Chairman Rockefeller (distant cousin of Chase Manhattan President David) and President Moore. Aggres-



BOEING 747 MOCK-UP & EMPLOYEES
Not everybody wants to fill 'er up.

the manufacturing-oriented company much-needed organizational skills, laid the structural groundwork for expansion. As for Henshel, his immediate task was to streamline marketing, crack down on jewelers selling Bulovas at less than fair-trade prices.

Humming. Most important, Henshel complemented the company's basic Bulova watch by introducing two new lines: the low-priced (\$10.95 to \$29.95) Caravelle, designed to compete with the Timex, and the top-quality Accutron (\$125 and up), a battery-powered electronic watch whose tuning-fork action assures precision, makes the timepiece hum instead of tick. So fast did the new lines catch on that Bulova figures their combined dollar-sales volume during the past fiscal year exceeded overall watch sales of either of Bulova's chief U.S. competitors, Elgin and Hamilton. Not content with that, the company further broadened its product line last February by acquiring Universal Genève, a Swiss manufacturer of luxury timepieces.

AVIATION

A Lot of People

For a Lot of Plane

The Boeing Co.'s 747 superjet is designed to be so large and efficient that it can carry 490 people across oceans for much less than it costs the other subsonic jets to do the job today. To make the idea work, however, Boeing had to market the 747, which it seems to have done successfully. With parts for the prototype arriving daily at Boeing's Renton, Wash., plant, and the plane's first flight due in about 27 months, the nation's largest aerospace company has so far sold 102 of the jumbo jets at a price of more than \$20 million apiece.

U.S. airlines—Pan American, TWA, American, Northwest Orient, Continental, United, National and World Airways—have ordered 70 of the big planes. Other orders have come from Lufthansa German Airlines, Japan Air Lines, BOAC, Air France, Alitalia, Irish International Airlines, KLM and Air-India. Most of the carriers prefer a first-

sively pursuing "retail" banking business, First National City's domestic branches have spurred from 84, all in New York City, to 166, spilling into the populous suburbs. Earnestly following the expansion of U.S. business abroad, the bank's overseas branches have more than doubled to 206 in spots from Chile to Chad. And having pioneered the personal loan in 1928, the bank now offers nearly every kind of financial service from a mutual fund, which was started last year amid much controversy, to credit cards (it owns 50% of Carte Blanche).

Educated at Wesleyan and the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Wriston has had a hand in much of First National City's expansion. The son of Henry Merritt Wriston, longtime (1937-55) president of Brown University, he joined the bank in 1946 after a stint in the foreign service and wartime Army duty, has headed the bank's sprawling overseas division since 1959. Amiable informal and scornful of organization charts—"We all work together," he says, "and when I'm in trouble I ask somebody, and when I'm not I don't"—Wriston helped initiate many of First National City's innovations. It was he who, with another staffer, "invented" the negotiable certificates of deposit in 1961. The CDs, as they are known, have since helped banks to recoup a lot of badly needed corporate deposits, which had been flowing into treasury bills and other short-term notes.

Such innovations have necessarily put the heat on the bank's perennial rival, the Chase, which has yet to match First National City's steps into traveler's checks and travel-and-entertainment credit cards, has far fewer suburban and overseas branches. Part of Wriston's

DAVID GARD



WRISTON & MOORE
Just scare the Chase, please.



ENCIRCLING A SCHOOL IN CHESAPEAKE BAY (1966)
A need to balance the growth against the intensity of the catch.

franchise will be to keep the ideas coming—within limits. He still remembers Moore's whimsical advice: "Be so brave as to scare the Chase, but never be so brave as to scare me."

INDUSTRY

Where Did the Menhaden Go?

The menhaden, a fish that can produce 700,000 eggs at the flip of a gill, was long one of the leading population exploders in the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. Loaded with oil and bone, the eight-inch fish is about as welcome at a dining table as last Friday's halibut. Still, it is avidly sought by commercial fishermen because its oil is used in everything from lipstick to paint, and its meat and bones can be ground into high-protein animal feed.

In recent years, however, the menhaden has been in decline, and with it all of the largest U.S. fisheries, which dropped from a peak 1961 catch of 2.3 billion lbs. to 1966's 1.3 billion. The worst hit area has been the mid-Atlantic, where poundage dived from 130.2 million in 1965 to 17.4 million in 1966—and last month, as the fishing craft set out for another season, the outlook was dim. Spotter planes that precede the boats saw few menhaden schools. Some fishermen, like Otis Smith, who operates fleets and processing plants in New Jersey and Delaware, did not think it even worthwhile to join the chase. Others reduced their fleets: J. Howard Smith, Inc., of Port Monmouth, N.J., for example, sold one of its newest boats to an ocean-research firm.

Why did the fish disappear? No one is sure, but Peck Humphries, president of Standard Products Co. in Virginia's Tidewater country, thinks it is simply a passing phase: "The biologists have

some theories for the decline, but usually the fish make liars out of them."

Rejecting charges that the industry, with its immense catching capacity furnished by purse nets 200 fathoms long and ten fathoms deep, might have overfished, Otis Smith blames current shifts. "The cold belt now extends out 40 miles," says Smith, "and out there the water's too clear and the fish avoid the net." Aggravating the situation is the fact that fishermen, unable to net menhaden at sea, have moved into the spawning fields of Chesapeake Bay. According to Biologist Kenneth Henry of North Carolina's Bureau of Fisheries, 94% of the fish caught north of Cape Hatteras in 1966 had not spawned.

Dr. Henry and his associates began their menhaden study back in 1955 with a \$100,000 grant from Congress. Now, with the fish disappearing, he is using \$600,000 of federal funds to study its physiology and behavioral patterns. Says he: "We hope to balance the natural growth of the fish against the intensity of fishing." The industry, meanwhile, is moving to what it hopes will be more productive waters. The Gulf of Mexico is one possibility. Gulf menhaden, a separate species, is still abundant. Another possibility is the fishing beds off Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, where herring runs plentifully and can be used as a substitute for menhaden. In fact, Litton Industries and W. R. Grace see a potential boom in herring, and have teamed up with the Newfoundland government to test new fishing and processing techniques.

Perhaps a rush on herring would take the pressure off the menhaden. At worst, the species will go the way of the West Coast sardine, which in 1936 supplied a haul of nearly 800,000 tons—but has since dwindled to about 950.

WORLD BUSINESS

ECONOMIES

Shock Waves from the Middle East

The Middle East war set off a shock wave of alarm and uncertainty in the world's commercial centers. It spread through financial districts from London's City to Tokyo's Kabutocho, then receded as the scope and speed of Israel's triumph became manifest. Items:

► Stock market prices plunged when the fighting began, with international oil stocks leading the way down. On the New York Stock Exchange, the Dow-Jones industrial average had been drifting downward since last month. On the war's first day, the average fell by more than 20 points in particularly heavy trading after the opening, and finally closed off 15.54. But as the dimensions of the Israeli triumph became increasingly apparent, the markets recovered. Next day, the industrials went up 14.94, and it finished the week 11.58 higher than it had begun. Individual investors had originally done the selling; they and the institutions both helped bring the average back.

► The possibility of commodity shortages not only panicked European housewives, who in many places swept shelves bare of sugar and spices, but also sent excited shivers through the world's commodities markets. Futures prices went up sharply on tin, rubber, sugar, grains and potatoes.

► Money markets were active. Parisians, as they usually do in times of crisis, lined up to buy French gold Napoleons. The value of the pound sterling fell because of the expectation that Britain, deprived of Middle East oil, would have to pay some of its \$1.7 bil-

lion annual oil bill in the dollar-area markets of South America and the U.S.

Word of the Week. Throughout the week, the overriding economic word was *oil*, as Arab states, which produce 30% of the world's supply, decided to use their wells as weapons. Iraq, Libya and Algeria cut off all oil shipments, Kuwait and Saudi Arabia embargoed shipments to the U.S. and Britain, and small Qatar refused to load the ships of either nation. The situation seemed most serious for Britain, which gets two-thirds of its oil from the Arabs and has only a 30-day stock on hand. France and Italy, neither of whom was singled out for retaliation by the Arabs, count on their cross-Mediterranean neighbors for about 80% of their oil. Faraway Japan was also affected. With no oil of their own, the Japanese get about 1,250,000 barrels of oil a day, or 60% of their needs, from the Arabs. As for the U.S., it has more than enough oil of its own, and the tankers loading last week at, for example, Houston, hardly made a dent in the city's vast storage areas.

The oil stoppage was a two-edged sword. With little else to sustain them, the Arabs rely on oil royalties and taxes for \$2.5 billion in annual income. And the longer the shutdowns lasted, the more the Arabs were out of pocket. Saudi Arabia alone was estimated to be losing \$2,000,000 every day the Arabian American Oil Co. was closed down.

Another problem for the Arabs is that the world is not so dependent upon their oil or upon Egypt's Suez Canal as it was during the 1956 war with Israel. Since that time, other nations have developed flourishing oil industries. Venezuelan oilmen were actually lick-



their lips in prospect of finally being in a position to raise prices on the country's crude. Many Arabs seemed to recognize their untenable oil situation. And thus, although Radio Damascus called on workers to "blow up oil pipelines all over the Arab world," nobody showed up to light a match.

Some oilmen insisted that the week's events could permanently alter trading patterns in the world's oil markets. More likely, since Israeli planes and tanks had ended the battle so speedily, the petroleum business, like stocks, commodities and money, would gradually return to normalcy.

WEST GERMANY

Two Sprecher for One

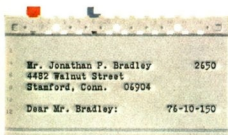
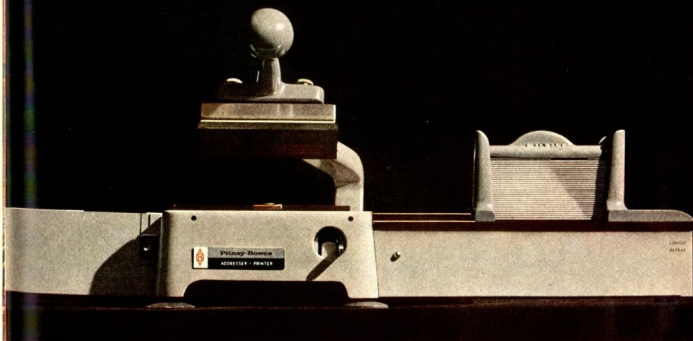
In ten years as chief of the Deutsche Bank, West Germany's largest, Hermann Josef Abs became the most distinguished figure in German finance. Only last year, no less an authority than David Rockefeller, president of the U.S.'s globe-spanning Chase Manhattan Bank, called him "the leading banker in the world." Suave, witty and self-assured, Abs was more than a banker: a confidant and consultant to monarchs and politicians, he became an unofficial ambassador to the world's financial centers and the undisputed *eminence grise* of German business.

Now, in keeping with the Deutsche Bank's retirement age of 65, Abs has just stepped up to the elder-statesman role of chairman of its supervisory board. To succeed him as *Sprecher des Vorstandes*, or speaker for its ten-man executive board, the Frankfurt-based bank picked not one but two associ-



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KLASEN, ABS & ULRICH
Influence of order, not power.

ates: Karl Klasen, 58, head of its Hamburg office, and Franz Heinrich Ulrich, 56, who will also continue to manage its Dusseldorf division. Though withdrawing from active banking, Abs remains one of his country's most powerful businessmen. A director of 29 large companies, he retains the chairmanship of 15, including Daimler-Benz, Lufthansa and the Deutsche Bundesbahn, the state-owned railway.

Financial Juggles. The son of a successful lawyer, Abs forsook law studies at Bonn University to learn banking in Cologne, Amsterdam, Paris, London and New York. At 36, his grasp of international finance led to his appointment as head of the Deutsche Bank's foreign department. Though inevitably involved in the financial juggles of the Hitler regime, Abs did not join the Nazi Party and at the end of World War II quietly retired to his Rhineland estate. Tapped in 1948 to run the agency that distributed Marshall Plan credit to German industry, Abs soon became a close adviser to fellow Catholic Konrad Adenauer, often attended Bonn Cabinet meetings at the Chancellor's request. "When the Chancellor has worries, he calls me," said Abs. Twice, Adenauer offered him the Foreign Ministry, but Abs declined. "My work," he explained, "lies in economics."

Abs became *Sprecher* of the Deutsche Bank, which had been broken up by the Allies at war's end, when it was re-established in 1957. By expanding the bank's services to small depositors, venturing into personal loans, settling up mutual funds, he soon made the bank more prosperous than ever. With assets more than doubled in a decade, to \$4.5 billion, its earnings last year reached \$40 million.

As in Solitaire. His prime concern was financing industry, and nobody wielded more authority in that field than Abs. Quite literally, his word could

make or break both upstarts and industrial giants. It was Abs's refusal to advance a \$25 million loan that early this year ended five generations of one-man rule at the Krupp industrial complex. "Our influence is one of order, not of power," insists Abs, "as in solitaire one tries to make everything come out even." In his busy retirement, Abs will try to make things come out even at ailing Krupp: among other jobs, he was recently named to the "administrative council" of non-Krupp businessmen who will oversee all major management decisions. Though the council has no formal chairman, Abs's prestige clearly makes him its key member.

ZAMBIA

Toward Stability for Copper

When government ministers from four of the free world's main copper-exporting countries gathered in the sweltering Zambian capital of Lusaka on June 1, the copper-consuming nations had every reason to worry. The idea, as conceived last fall by Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda and Chilean President Eduardo Frei, was to set up a price-and-quota-fixing copper cartel to control the world market. After all, their countries plus Peru and the Congo produce 70% of the earth's copper sold for export.⁹ With economies largely based on copper, all four nations have suffered as the price of the red metal outside the U.S. tumbled from nearly \$1 a pound in early 1966 to around 45¢ recently.

Last week the consumer nations' fears faded. The delegates of the producing countries listened, argued, split hairs,

⁹ Though the U.S. is the world's foremost copper producer, it consumes more than its mines deliver. Using its defense stockpile as a club, the Government keeps the price of domestic copper (currently 38¢ per lb.) well below world prices.

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stood attentively at interminable cocktail parties and even squeezed in a side trip to gaze at Victoria Falls and float down the Zambezi River looking for elephants. But the first-of-its-kind conference ended with only an innocuous agreement to coordinate research and information policies. For that, the four countries set up an Intergovernmental Council of Copper Exporting Countries, to be based in Paris. Its first move will be to open an information bureau. "Consumers must not worry," said mustachioed Chilean Minister of Mines Alejandro Hales, the conference's domi-

nant delegate. "We are not going for their throats. This will not be a cabal."

Despite their modest achievements, most of the conferees viewed the result as a good start toward stabilizing copper's violent price swings, which chiefly reward speculators. "From now on we will have harmony in our policies," beamed Javier Pérez de Cuéllar, Peruvian Foreign Secretary General. "This conference," added Zambian Foreign Minister Simon Kapwepwe, "should be a lesson to all underdeveloped countries. Those who grow sugar and coffee should start coming together too."

MILESTONES

Married. Princess Margrethe of Denmark, 27, eldest daughter of Denmark's King Frederik IX and heir to the throne; and Count Henri de Monpezat, 32, handsome French diplomat; in a royalty-studded ceremony in Copenhagen's ancient Holmens Church.

Died. Major Edward G. Givens, 37, Air Force test pilot and one of 19 new astronauts selected last year, who was assigned as project officer in the development of a jet-powered backpack for maneuvering on space walks; of injuries suffered when the Volkswagen he was driving crashed near Houston.

Died. Lieut. General Glen R. Birchard, 53, head of the Alaskan Command, who, during the Berlin airlift, developed intricate plans that enabled the Air Force to hit a peak flow of an average 624 planes daily into the besieged city, finally took over the Alaskan Command in August 1966, was responsible for the operations of 40,000 military personnel; of drowning after his float plane crashed on takeoff from Upper Ugashik Lake, Alaska, during a fishing trip.

Died. Pamela Frankau, 59, prolific British novelist, a master of swiftly paced narrative and clever dialogue, who altogether produced 30 books ranging from her first light, breezy novels (*Marriage of Harlequin*, 1927) to later, more substantial works seeking to make a moral point, notably in the just-completed trilogy, *Clothes of the King's Son*, a mystic parable about good and evil; of cancer; in London.

Died. Spencer Tracy, 67, Hollywood's master of character, who made up in art what he lacked in looks ("I've got a face," he once said, "like a beat-up barn door"); over four decades earned more Academy Award nominations (eight) than any other actor and actually won two Oscars, as the stoic Portuguese fisherman in *Captains Courageous* (1937) and the warmhearted Father Flanagan in *Boys' Town* (1938), was also memorable as Hemingway's gnarled hero in *The Old Man and the*

Sea (1958) and as a stern jurist in *Judgment at Nuremberg* (1961); of a heart attack; in Los Angeles.

Died. Dorothy Parker, 73, poet, critic, author, wit; of a heart attack; in Manhattan (see p. 94).

Died. Joseph Elmer Cardinal Ritter, 74, prelate of the archdiocese of St. Louis and one of his church's leading advocates of reform; of a heart attack; in St. Louis. Frail in body, but pure steel in will, he was the man who as Archbishop of St. Louis in 1947 stunned segregationists by ordering the integration of local parochial schools, and threatened to excommunicate opponents when they proposed legal action. Named a cardinal in 1960, he emerged at the Second Vatican Council as the unquestioned leader of progressive forces among the U.S. hierarchy, later executing many reform measures, giving his approval in 1964 to the first wedding ever held in the U.S. at which both Catholic and Protestant clerics officiated, and authorizing the U.S.'s first Mass in English.

Died. Vice Admiral Charles A. Lockwood, 77, commander of U.S. submarine forces in the Pacific from 1943 to 1945, who played the key role in developing tactics that enabled his undersea raiders to mount a devastating campaign against Japanese shipping, altogether sinking 1,392 vessels, more than that of all other services combined, and effectively cut Japan off from its Axis partners; of a heart attack; in Monte Sereno, Calif.

Died. John F. Finerty, 82, acerbic trial lawyer who defended many unpopular causes, in the 1920s fought for the release of funds donated by Americans to aid Eamon de Valera's struggle for Irish independence, in 1927 argued the last writ of habeas corpus for Sacco and Vanzetti the night of their execution, and in 1953 joined in a last-ditch attempt to save convicted Atom Spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg from the electric chair; of bronchial pneumonia; in Oceanside, N.Y.

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GUINEVERE OF THE ROUND TABLE

*Three be the things I shall have
till I die:
Laughter and hope and a sock
in the eye.*

FEW people under 30 know who wrote these lines, but the perceptive will readily date them from the 1920s. They have that slightly posed air of gay gallantry and tender toughness that marked the era of "But Jesus we had fun." After four decades, its heroes and heroines look as comically self-conscious as silent-movie characters, trying to gather their rosebuds in vigorous deadpan. What comes through most clearly is the sentimentality lurking beneath. Hemingway, hard as nails on the outside but soft as a baby impala on the inside, was an archetypal son of the era. And Dorothy Parker, who died last week of a heart attack at 73, was one of its most representative daughters.

If one wonders today what so captivated her contemporaries, the answer is probably that she viewed the period as it liked to picture itself: a time of grace and intelligence, when irony could conquer sentimentality and laughter would always overwhelm tears. Her chief reputation was as a quipster, the Guinevere of the Algonquin Round Table. Hers was the tongue heard round the world. Her famed couplet, "Men seldom make passes / At girls who wear glasses," not only set a style for lonely movie heroines but may well have spurred the development of contact lenses. During the long Victorian era, wit had hardly been considered a feminine attribute. Dorothy Parker proved again that bitchiness could be the soul of wit. When she heard the news that Calvin Coolidge had died, she asked: "How can they tell?" Of Katharine Hepburn she said: "She runs the gamut of emotions from A to B." After a Broadway evening, she reported: "The House Beautiful is the play lousy."

One Perfect Rose. In *The New Yorker*, she signed her book reviews, "Constant Reader." As a critic, she was really a constant housekeeper, tidying up after messy writers, but humming impudently as she went about her business. She could tweak A. A. Milne's *The House at Pooh Corner* in one line: "At this point Tontant Weader frowned up." She was never merely a lady wisecraper: she was a hard-working writer with serious literary aspirations. But she became one of those writers who are not so much read as heard.

Her creative output was meager by most standards: she published only seven trim collections of poetry and short stories. "I was following in the exquisite footsteps of Miss Millay," she said, "unhappily in my own horrible sneakers. My verses are no damned good." In fact, her verse was carefully shod, precise, often dazzling. It was shot

through with self-pity and brittle melancholy. Her frequent approach was to make herself the fall girl in the battle of the sexes, and her favorite method was the abrupt change of pace. She might gush sentimentally and then suddenly clamp on her cynic's mask:

*A single flow'r he sent me,
since we met,
All tenderly his messenger
he chose;
Deep-hearted, pure, with scented dew
still wet—
One perfect rose.*

*Why is it no one ever sent me yet
One perfect limousine,
do you suppose?
Ah no, it's always just my luck
to get*

One perfect rose.

The chief characters of her short stories were usually women, beset by the

1917 she moved up in the magazine world, joining the staff of *Vanity Fair*, where she shared an office with Humorist Robert Benchley and the incipient Playwright Robert Sherwood.

She would also join them for lunch down the block at the Hotel Algonquin's fabled conversational *Klatsch*, the Round Table; among its other members were such quotables as Alexander Woolcott, Franklin Pierce Adams, Heywood Brown, Harold Ross, Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman. She was pert, provocative, blinking her hazel-green eyes or raising her pencil-arched eyebrows until they touched the line of her dark bangs as she delivered her acerbic rapiers.

Snows of Yesteryear. Dorothy Parker spent the next few decades mostly living up to, down, or off her legend. In 1933, when she was 40, she married her second husband, Actor-Scenarist Alan Campbell, 28, and toiled with him writing movies. But Hollywood money, she discovered, wasn't real: "It's congealed snow; it melts in your hand." In the '40s, the snow melted even faster as she constantly supported left-wing causes. In 1953, she collaborated on an unsuccessful play, *The Ladies of the Corridor*, about lonely women living in a hotel. Campbell died in 1963 (they had divorced in 1947 but remarried in 1950), and Dorothy Parker, her health failing, returned to Manhattan. She took up residence in a hotel, spending her final years in solitary.

For her epitaph, she once wryly suggested "Excuse my dust." But she also wrote, in her "Epitaph for a Darling Lady," the sentimental last stanza:

*Leave for her a red young rose,
Go your way, and save your
pity;*

*She is happy, for she knows
That her dust is very pretty.*

Both tributes seem mannered, calculated, polished for technical effect. But then, Dorothy Parker accepted whole the two-faced myth of her time: at her most maudlin, she always tried to speak through her head rather than directly from her heart. That accounts for both her limitation and her fascination.

Humor was, after all, her basic form of dress and address. And humor passes through the most ephemeral of fashions. The concept of wit, the very word, today suggests a dated elegance. Gone is the vintage innocence, masquerading as chic, that Miss Dorothy Parker symbolized. Things are now laughed about that she would have found vulgar, if not downright indiscreet. Humor today is broad and black. Perhaps it is more human; it is certainly less artificial. Yet the suspicion mounts that behind the laughter of "alienation," there is a wide streak of sentimentality, too, just as there was behind the "cynicism" of Dorothy Parker's era.



DOROTHY PARKER (1941)

Following in the footsteps in sneakers.

discontents of emancipation. If they had lovers, they were bored with them; if they had no lovers, they were frustrated without them; and it was always the dream, not the reality, that mattered most. Her best story is *Big Blonde*, about a woman who falls apart because she has no dream of her own at all.

"Perhaps what gives her writing its peculiar tang," wrote Somerset Maugham, "is her gift for seeing something to laugh at in the bitterest tragedies of the human animal." Her own life started in bitter circumstances. She was born Dorothy Rothschild in 1893 in West End, N.J., of a Scotch mother who died during her infancy and a Jewish father who died, leaving her penniless, when she was in her teens.

A couple of years later, she got her first job, writing captions for *Vogue*. At 24, she married Edwin Parker II, a businessman from whom she was later divorced but whose name she kept. In

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CINEMA

Death and Texas

The *War Wagon*. Out of the West he jogs, the familiar bleached red shirt and wide-brimmed hat announcing the arrival of John Wayne in his 162nd film. As inevitable as death and Texas, Wayne again plays a hard-nosed, soft-spoken loner—a once-wealthy rancher whose gold-filled land has been stolen in a swindle. Back he comes, seeking revenge with four men foolhardy enough to join him in a scheme to restore his riches: a leathery gunfighter (Kirk Douglas); an outlaw Indian (Howard Keel); an alcoholic kid (Robert Walker) whose favorite mixture is whisky and nitroglycerin; and a wagon-driving double agent (Keenan Wynn) who moonlights for Wayne and sunlights for the other side.

After the customary palaver with friendly Indians and hostile white men, the avengers finally descend on the villains' "war wagon," an armor-plated, heavily guarded stage full of gold dust. With the help of the nitroglycerin and a band of Kiowas, the villains are killed, the wagon pillaged—and the loot lost when runaway horses spill barrels of it over the landscape. At film's end, Wayne salvages sacks worth \$100,000—enough, presumably, to keep him going until his next western.

Derivative as it is, *War Wagon* moves with surprising force and pace, thanks to Burt Kennedy's taut direction and his cast of old pros. Wayne at 60, and Douglas at 50, can still invest any screenplay with style and gusto. This time they flesh out a standard western with too much gristle and cartilage—but, happily, without an ounce of fat.



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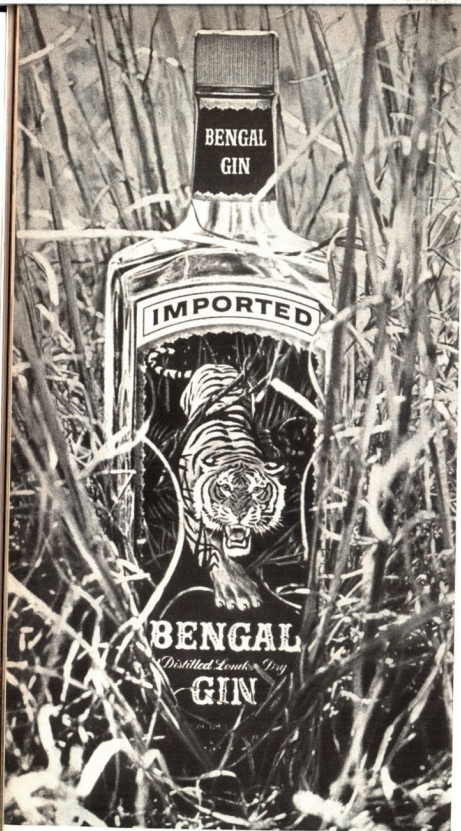


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TRACY IN "DRIFTER"
Just a question of theme.

Celebrations of the Ordinary

The *Drifter* is a thumb-time hitchhiker and full-time vagabond. Known only as Alan, he sleeps on strange streets and familiar beds, wandering from woman to woman, ending all his relationships with an easygoing "Ciao, baby." Except for that, he has little to say, and less to laugh about. His idea of humor is to retell the ancient jape of the man who asked his mistress, "Do you smoke after?", and received the answer, "I don't know. I'll look next time." Alan, whose ordinariness is well portrayed by Off-Broadway Veteran John Tracy, meanders from Manhattan's Lincoln Center at the beginning to Long Island's Montauk Beach at the finale. Like the man who makes it, the journey is without aim or purpose—but not without poignancy.

The son of a concert pianist who pays him to stay away, the drifter composes pleasant little themes for the ladies he sleeps with—a slow-witted waitress, a sloe-eyed French chanteuse (Sadja Marr). The singer has a little boy who may be Alan's and who, like the drifter, improvises every moment as it comes. In the end, Alan tries to create a theme for the child, and finds his fingers inarticulate. It proves to be the one relationship that he cannot end with "Ciao, baby."

The story of the movie, told at the leisure-time pace of a soft summer's day, is as thin and as fragile as a sea shell. But despite its faults, *The Drifter* rarely drifts into obscurity or self-indulgence, thanks to the inventive, impressionistic camera work of Director Alex Matter and Photographer Steve Winsten. As sensitive as a light meter, Matter, who also wrote the scenario, gains his greatest effects with celebrations of the ordinary: the special glint

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of Manhattan sidewalks at night, the raucous antics of a flock of gulls, a bare-foot walk on the beach, a wave of wind through scruffy dune grass. Implementing the images is a witty, memorable score by Ken Lauber which ties together the film's disparate insights.

Produced on a budget of \$125,000, *The Drifter* was one of only three U.S. movies shown at the 1966 Venice Film Festival, won no prize (it was shown out of competition). But for moviegoers who like to look for the emergence of new cinema talents, the film is one to watch. As a screenwriter, Alex Matter needs help. As a director, he needs only looney—and better—story.

Loony & Lunar

Those *Fantastic Flying Fools* is a spirited spoof in the Jules Vernacular. The background is Victorian, the project loony, the destination lunar, and the fun in the jocular vein of Mike Todd's memorable *Around the World in 80 Days*.

A group of engineers, scientists and charlatans, headed by P. T. Barnum (Burl Ives), decides to shoot the moon with a rocket ship to be sent up by German Genius Gert Frobe. The pilot: blond, bland Troy Donahue, ideal candidate for the world's first astronaut. Before the plot can get off the ground, two dastardly schemers (Lionel Jeffries and Terry-Thomas) bet millions that the trip will fail, then try to sabotage the rocket for insurance. Only after some circuitous antique-automobile and bicycle chases and other mandatory sequences for period comedy does launch time occur—accidentally sending Jeffries and Thomas to the moon. Upon landing they learn that they are not alone: the Czar's men have arrived first.

By drawing a heavy-handed parallel with the contemporary space race, the film's message—what mortals these fools be—nearly scrubs the project. But the detailed sight gags and the cast's irrepressible energy provide a variety of lunatic fringe benefits. Like the rocket, they go a long way.

DAVID BARR



JEFFRIES & THOMAS IN "FOOLS"
In the Jules Vernacular.

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Unhurried Stroll

AT EASE: STORIES I TELL TO FRIENDS by Dwight D. Eisenhower, 400 pages. Doubleday, \$6.95.

In Dwight Eisenhower's three volumes covering World War II and a major portion of his presidency, his prose was always at Attention or, at best, a stiff Parade Rest. At last Ike is At Ease. He writes of this book: "It will be fun just to wander, with no worries about verbosity, coherence, repetitions or literary criticism."

A "fun" author Eisenhower will never be. But this meandering autobiography does offer a refreshingly human review of Ike's life as he looks back, at 77, on the years that took him from a barefoot boy in Abilene to the White House-bound war hero in 1952.

Poker with Bob. In the unhurried, slightly wistful style of an Old Soldier reminiscing in the sun, the general summons up memories of his scrabbling childhood ("our pleasures were simple—they included survival") and of his full-of-the-Old-Nick cadet days at West Point. He recalls learning Christian responsibility from his mother, the wonders of Tacitus, Shakespeare and Plato from a Canal Zone general, and the intricacies of playing cool-percentage poker from an Abilene illiterate who could only write his name by "starting it with straight lines around which he drew the necessary curves to spell *NOB DAVIS*."

Ike never completely outgrew his maverick-cadet personality. He tells of a tedious two-month, coast-to-coast motorcade in 1921 when he and another officer amused themselves by convincing "an Easterner" in the troop that Indians were about to attack the cara-

van in the wilds of Montana. President Roosevelt once asked Eisenhower how he liked the title "Supreme Commander," and Ike recalls: "I acknowledged that it did have a ring of importance—something like 'Sultan.'" And while he was Supreme Commander in London, Ike consistently refused to attend formal dinners—largely, he says, because he was a four-pack-a-day smoker who could not wait for the traditional toast to the King before lighting up.

The Reason Why. In his accounting, Ike does not ignore the frustrations of his peacetime military years. Yet in 1940, when his son John said he wanted to go to West Point, Eisenhower outlined the drawbacks of being an army professional, then laid out his personal reason for sticking with the career that wound up in the White House. "I said," writes Ike, "that the real satisfaction was for a man to do the best he could. My ambition in the Army had always been to make everybody I worked for regretful when I was ordered to other duty." It is a sentence that could have been spoken by a J. P. Marquand hero. It is the thinking of an organization man, a sense of duty sharpened (but not too much) by ambition. It hardly suggests greatness, but this is, after all, a book of reminiscences in *pace*.

The Artist Was the Medium

THE DIFFICULTY OF BEING by Jean Cocteau, 160 pages. Coward-McCann, \$4.50.

Tradition has it that it is difficult to be an artist; but it has always been even more difficult to act the artist. Exactly what is his role, and how should he play it? Should he go to great hair lengths and openly flout middle-class convention at every turn? Or should he simply play it cool, all buttoned down on the outside, *la vie de bohème* beating away on the inside? Each role carries the built-in penalties of repression—the one by society, the other by self.

Jean Cocteau (1889-1963) may not have been a great artist, but he was great as an artist. He was a flashing volcano of creation and affectation in many arts, but he was best known for his strange novels (*Thomas l'Imposteur*, *Les Enfants Terribles*), his baroque plays (*The Infernal Machine*, *The Human Voice*) and, above all, his otherworldly films (*The Blood of a Poet*, *The Eternal Return*, *Beauty and the Beast*, *Orpheus*, *Les Enfants Terribles*). He was also given to scandalous public poses as an overt homosexual and self-confessed drug user. But unlike Oscar Wilde, who tripped and fell into the gutter of Victorian reality while trying to walk his mystic way, Cocteau, for all of his histrionics and acrobatics, always managed to regain a safe perch. He was somehow able to have his cakewalking, eat his opium, and yet wind up a



COCTEAU WITH FLOWER
Safely perched on the volcano.

middle-class immortal, a member of that superrespectable college of venerables, the Académie Française.

The Method. *The Difficulty of Being*, a notebook of autobiographical jottings and esthetic musings that Cocteau kept in 1946, and now published in this country, reveals some of the reasons behind the success of his performance. First, Cocteau believed as firmly as any Method actor in the truth of his role as an artist. Romantically convinced that the artist is the medium, he approached the novel, drama, painting, ballet and, finally, cinema, as if each art were merely another form or mold for his personal "poetry," and he did not so much study each new form as pour himself into it. At the same time, however, Cocteau seems to have known in the marrow of his Paris-burgher bones that the only successful French Revolution was that which had been conducted by the bourgeois, not against them. Although he liked to shock and astonish them on his own terms, he was always careful not to offend or challenge on their terms. Astutely, he wrote: "I know to what extent I can go too far."

In Case of Fire. In this book he is ever a model of discretion. In spite of the jacket's phosphorescent hints of lurid reminiscences about Proust and Picasso, Stravinsky and Nijinsky, the author does not intrude upon their saintly privacies. He also rarely allows the reader to enter into his own. He speaks from a distance, less confessor than professor, looking up from his lectern every few moments to savor appreciative glances.

And often rightly so. Cocteau was a master of the bon mot and the telling aphorism, and these pages teem with samples. Perhaps the best is the anecdotal quip that American Composer Ned Rorem relates in his introduction. A literary monthly once posed a question to several writers: "If your house were burning down and you could take one thing, what would it be?" "I'd take the fire," answered Jean Cocteau.



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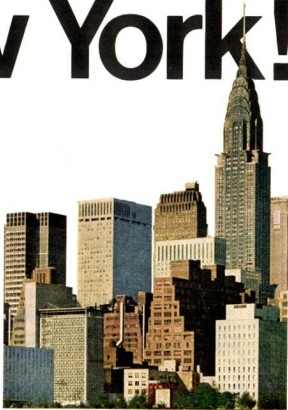
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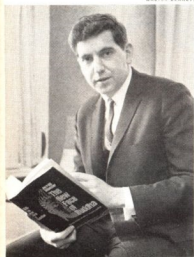
The Pagoda & Politics

THE NEW FACE OF BUDDHA by Jerrold Schecter. 300 pages. Coward-McCann. \$6.95.

Some 2,500 years after the death of its founder, Siddhartha Gautama, Asian Buddhism has come to life in ways that puzzle and often confound Westerners. Gautama taught the denial of self, a reverence for life and a search for the Middle Way to noninvolvement. Yet his modern disciples are everywhere involved in the turmoil of their times. In Ceylon, a Buddhist monk assassinated one Prime Minister, and Buddhist ward politicians turned another out of office. In Viet Nam, the grisly silhouette of a Buddhist toppling in flames of protest has symbolized the Buddhists' own private wars against one Saigon government after another.

Buddha's new look is that of a poli-

HALTER SCHNEET



BUREAU CHIEF SCHECTER

Better defense, crueler dilemma.

tician. This book, which grew out of a TIME cover story (Dec. 11, 1964), is by Tokyo Bureau Chief Jerrold Schecter, 34, who did much of the research for the story. It is the first comprehensive, country-by-country attempt to unravel the passions and contradictions of Buddhism in the political arena.

Headed Off at the Pass. If in Japan, Ceylon and Viet Nam the Buddhists are on the march, in Communist China and Burma they have been headed off at the pass. Peking has assiduously emasculated Buddhism in China, emptying it of its religious content while retaining its temples as shrines to the "cultural creativity of the Chinese people under the feudal empires of the past." General Ne Win of Burma has used arrest and intimidation to undercut the young monks who crave political power, at the same time borrowing Buddhist principles to shape his "Burmese Way to Socialism."

Buddhism in Viet Nam is accorded

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 **BELL & HOWELL**



Schechter's closest scrutiny and lengthiest appraisal. From the last days of President Diem, who fatally underestimated the power of the political monks, to the past year's Buddhist uprisings, which Premier Nguyen Cao Ky expertly quelled with a combination of "tenacity and guile," the book reconstructs the sorties to the barricades in Viet Nam. There, as elsewhere in Asia, the Buddhists' problem is to resolve "the conflict between tradition and transition in Asian life."

Because Buddhism has for so long been "the ultimate source of Asian values," says Schechter, it was inevitable that the pressures of colonialism and modernization would stretch the faith into new shapes. One of the strangest shapes may some day emerge from the confrontation between Buddhism and science; the Vietnamese Buddhists hope eventually to create a Buddhist university whose curriculum would include engineering, mathematics and medicine, but today that prospect seems close to fantasy. At present, Buddhism is less concerned with adopting Western ways than with providing a kind of "cultural defense" against them. Part of that defense rests on an identification with the forces of Asian nationalism.

Essence & Integrity. The better the defense, the crueler the dilemma for Buddhists and the more awkward the questions that arise. Can Buddhism accommodate itself to nationalism and the modern desires for material advancement, which are seemingly the very opposite of Buddhist doctrine? The author's answer: "If Buddhism does not adapt, it will become a cultural fossil. If it adapts too much, it becomes adulterated and loses its essence and integrity." It is the search for the middle way between these two alternatives, suggests Schechter, that causes the painful grimace so often discernible today on the new face of Buddha.

Short Notices

KHRUSHCHEV by Mark Frankland
213 pages. Stein & Day. \$6.95.

In future histories, Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev may be dismissed as a mere transitional figure. But in Russia's painful move from a malevolent monolith to a more responsible member of world society, he was essential. His Cold War contemporaries described him variously as a Red Hitler and a Jolly St. Nik, a shoe banger and a shrewd politician. Before his ouster in 1964 by less colorful but more pragmatic men, Khrushchev had justified at least some of those descriptions: he denounced Stalin and initiated the cultural thaw in Soviet life; he built the Berlin Wall and wisely backed down from the Cuban missile crisis after rashly getting into it; most important, he allowed the Soviet economy to become consumer oriented, a process that has begun to alter the very nature of Marxism.

This book by the London Observer's former Moscow correspondent fails to

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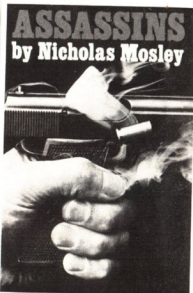
bring Khrushchev alive, but it raises questions about all the unknowns in his life: what was his childhood like; was he really a sadistic Stalinist during the old days as a commissar of the Moscow subway; did his war experiences turn him away from Stalin; did he become a "goulash Communist" only after the showdown in Cuba; why did he permit Brezhnev and Kosygin to ease him out? This book fails to answer those questions, but only Nikita can do the job—and he is unlikely to write his memoirs.

ASSASSINS by Nicholas Mosley. 252 pages. Coward-McCann, \$4.95.

Q. Why is it that modern novels have to be different, that they can't just be stories of characters and action and society?

A. We know too much about characters and action and society. We can now write about people knowing.

This is a typically enigmatic bit of



"ASSASSINS" DUST JACKET
Ambiguity is truth itself.

dialogue from Nicholas Mosley's recent thriller *Accident*, and it seems to apply even more to his new one, *Assassins*, which is half mystery, half "people knowing." During a top-level international conference, the motherless 14-year-old daughter of the British Foreign Secretary is kidnapped by a would-be political assassin. Her fate is in the hands of three of her elders: the chief government security officer, her father and his secretary, who is also his mistress. The latter is a disturbing woman—passive, manipulative, all things to the weaknesses of all men—seemingly a sister of the wife in Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming*. It is no accident that Pinter adapted Mosley's earlier novel for the movies. For both writers, ambiguity is truth itself. And for Mosley's characters, a mere problem of survival is too simple. The reader who follows

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the course of *Assassins* to its appropriately absurd end will be rewarded by a sophisticated plot, a cartographer's awareness of English landscape and a wealth of similes that are nearly as good as Mary McCarthy's. But characters, action, society? Hardly.

ALONG THE CLIPPER WAY by Francis Chichester. 256 pages. Coward-McCann. \$5.95.

Released just in time to capitalize on the headlines resulting from Sir Francis' 28,500-mile odyssey in *Gipsy Moth IV*, this little book may be mistaken at first glance for an account of the 65-year-old mariner's adventures. Actually, it is a sketchy, jerry-built anthology of sea tales by others who sailed at least some portion of the great clipper way followed by Skipper Chichester on his 226-day voyage. Since the book contains extracts from the best known yarns of such seafaring types as Sir Francis Drake, Joseph Conrad and Richard Henry Dana, stitched together with Old Sailor Chichester's own brief commentary on such dangers as icebergs, scurvy, sea monsters and gales, it is predictably absorbing. Still, it is obviously only a warmup for what Chichester undoubtedly plans as a rousing encore: an account of his own epic voyage.

THE RIGHT IMAGE by James D. Horan. 432 pages. Crown. \$5.95.

Can a rich but unscrupulous wheelchair-bound tycoon buy the U.S. presidency for his personable Congressman son? Well, this breathless book says that he can—if he has the assistance of a ruthless second son, and is prepared to pay a couple of conniving political geniuses \$1,000,000 a year to give his charming offspring a doozied-up image as a vigorous battler for human rights.

Kelly Shannon drifts along in happy anonymity in Congress, spending his weekends playing rough games with his large, noisy, competitive family, until Papa becomes obsessed with this dream of putting him in the White House. Enough money lavished in the right places brings Kelly a thick folder containing evidence of corruption in high places. Soon he is a fixture on TV, the most talked-about young politician in the country. In fact, the path to the White House seems clear until Kelly runs headlong into his own conscience.

After a couple of chapters, it becomes apparent that the Shannon family is strictly fictitious and any resemblance to a real American family is coincidental—or, at any rate, deplorable. But Old Hearst Newsman Horan, who has knocked out 24 books (*King's Rebel*, *The Great American West*) since 1942, is obviously trying hard to create the impression that he is writing a *roman à clef* about the Kennedys. For this reason alone, his account of money as the lubricant of U.S. politics just might become the most ineptly written best-seller of the month.

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I don't know what you told your son. Here's what I told mine.

I said, "Yes, I would sell our house to 'a Negro'. And, I would sell our house to 'a Chinese', or 'an Eskimo', or 'a Catholic' or 'a butcher' or 'a baker' or 'a banker'."

The point is obvious to you, but I wanted my son to know that people don't come in blocks or batches like Negroes or Jews or Poles or white Anglo-Saxon Protestants.

They come one at a time. And, that's the only way you can decently judge them. Because it's the only fair way you would want to be judged. On your own.

It doesn't make sense that because a man has a black skin he will not take care of this house, anymore than it follows that if we sell our house to a Chinese person he will start a hand laundry in the living room.

If a Negro wanted to buy our house, I would want to show him the neighbor-

hood; let him talk to the people on the street, and let him make up his own mind if this is the kind of neighborhood he wants to live in.

And, I would hope that our neighbors would not say, "God help us, a Negro just moved in. Now the neighborhood will be a mess, real estate values will go down, our neighborhood will become a black ghetto."

I would hope they would say, "A man named John Smith has moved to our street. He is interesting, a school teacher, has three kids, is helping to coach the Little League, and incidentally, he's a Negro."

Yes, I would sell our house to a Negro. Wouldn't you, Son?

Project: Good Neighbor

Leadership Council for Metropolitan
Open Communities
155 North Wacker Drive
Chicago, Illinois 60606

Good Neighbor Declaration: I believe that all men should be able to live where they want to live and can afford to, including my neighborhood, without restrictions because of race, color, creed, or national origin.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE & ZIP _____
TELEPHONE NO. _____



Leadership Council
for
Metropolitan
Open
Communities

Project: Good Neighbor

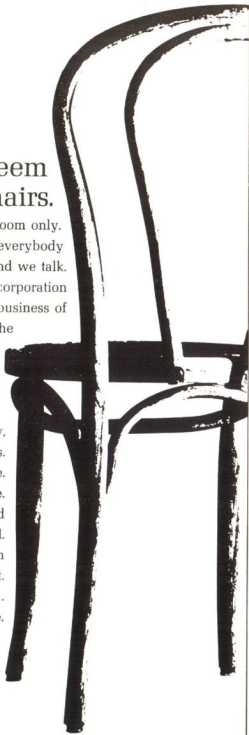
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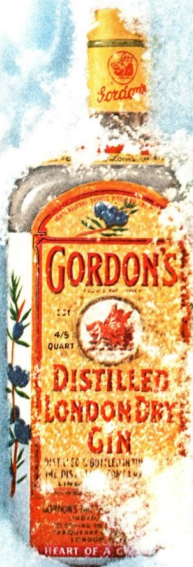
We never seem to have enough chairs.

At 8:01...there's standing room only.
Trainees, supervisors, officers—everybody
shows up. And we talk.
We discuss the operations of a corporation
or an industry. The business of
retailing or of wholesaling. Trends in the
nation's economy. Even such diverse subjects
as the effect of the St. Lawrence Seaway
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Because we believe an understanding
of the interplay of all that affects our community,
means better service to our customers.
Times change.
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But broad knowledge and sound
banking principles are still fundamental.
We look for ways to use them
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We serve thousands of people...
but we serve them one at a time.

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No wonder the English have kept cool for 198 years!

(mix an iced drink with Gordon's to see how they do it)

This is the way the great day comes:

*With flutter of flags and rumbling drums,
With a brave brass choir in the village square,
And a night alight from the rockets' glare.*

*With the kids and kin in their ranks arrayed
At a picnic bench in the sheltering shade,
And the great, rich ham on proud display,
To crown the joys of the holiday.*

Hormel
Ham
an
AMERICAN
TRADITION

In many a family this ham harks back for generations. A holiday tradition. For this was America's first ham in a can—the famous Hormel Ham, shaped, boned and trimmed, then baked in its own savory juices to rich full flavor. ● And now, from Hormel comes the great new Holiday Glaze Ham, with a unique, flame-browned flavor!

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